



# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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ON A BLIND AND CAPTIVE NIGHTINGALE.  
FROM THE MODERN GREEK OF A. SOUTSOS.

"CAGED within a dreary prison, with thy sad  
unceasing wail,  
Half the music of thy singing thou forgettest,  
nightingale."  
"Once unfettered in the forest, in my lay I  
took delight,  
Gladdening all the world around me, till men  
robbed my wing of flight.  
Now that flight and freedom fail,  
Hapless I lament and wail.

"I beheld, ere I was blinded, pleasant mead-  
ows clad in green,  
Hill and vale, and arching o'er me saw the  
summer skies serene;  
Near a bow'r of fragrant roses, near a stream-  
let was my nest,  
Fanned by cool, refreshing breezes, blowing  
from the balmy west.  
Now within my darksome jail,  
Hapless I lament and wail.

"When my savage captors doomed me in  
captivity to dwell,  
I foresaw that loss of freedom brought me loss  
of sight as well."

"Thou wast right for black and bitter is the  
fortune of the thrall,  
And o'er slavery's dominion, darkness casts  
a gloomy pall.  
Weep, then, hapless nightingale,  
In thy dark and dreary jail."

"If I cease awhile from singing, and in mourn-  
ful silence brood,  
Then my master, like a tyrant, wrathfully de-  
nies me food.  
Thus—what other way is open?—am I  
driven to begin  
Songs of bitterness and sorrow, daily nourish-  
ment to win.  
And within my sightless jail,  
Hapless I lament and wail."

"There was once a singer like thee, famous  
in the ancient time,  
Helicon's unequalled song-bird, godlike father  
of all rhyme,  
Yet mid poverty and blindness, till his race  
was fully run,  
By his minstrelsy melodious, food and sus-  
tenance he won,  
And though beggared, blind and frail,  
Sang as sings the nightingale."  
Temple Bar. CHARLES L. GRAVES.

#### IN SIGHT O' LAND.

ABOVE the restful summer sea  
The skies are clear, the winds are bland;  
And the ship rides on full merrily,  
In sight o' land.

Glad songs of home float on the air  
From those upon the deck who stand;  
And eyes grow dim and wistful there —  
In sight o' land.

An hour — and friend with friend will meet,  
Lip cling to lip, and hand clasp hand.  
O how the heart throbs sorely sweet  
In sight o' land!

But lo! athwart the radiant heaven —  
(Alas for hopes by mortals planned)  
The thick clouds of the storm are driven,  
In sight o' land.

Cursed by confusion dark, as though  
God had awhile resigned command,  
The furious waves crash to and fro,  
In sight o' land.

And that proud ship, which oft has crossed  
The changeful sea from strand to strand,  
With every soul on board, is lost  
In sight o' land.

The morning comes, with joyant breath —  
But cold and silent on the sand  
Lie some who saw the face of death  
In sight o' land.

Chambers' Journal.

W. F. E. I.

#### HELEN.

WHILE time shall last, one thing remains to  
me;  
The tale of Troy fades not; the hearts of men  
Shall beat more quickly when my name they  
hear —  
A name that lives forever. I gained that,  
Though all else perished. Lover, friends,  
and foes,  
Alike died fighting for me, that the name  
Of Helen might have fitting pyre whereon to  
blaze  
Through all succeeding time, and beacon-like  
To glow across the darkness of the unborn  
years.  
Forever will the light from those that fought  
Before the walls of Troy show Helen standing  
there.  
Oh! to be again back on those walls, to hear  
the clang of arms,  
And see Hector and Priam in the van of strife,  
'Mid that great host which leaguered Troy for  
years.  
Heroes and gods fought side by side for me,  
And I was worthy prize. The bravest there  
Could meet no fitter death than thus to fall  
For me, whose beauty will the world still  
dazzle  
When Troy shall be forgot; but to the end of  
time  
My name will sound a trumpet blast to men.  
Academy. F. P.

From The Fortnightly Review.  
SHAKESPEARE'S WISDOM OF LIFE.

WHEN, a few years after his death, a monument to Shakespeare was erected in the parish church of Stratford, below the bust were engraven two lines of Latin elegiac verse in celebration of the dead. "It is certain," says Mr. Halliwell-Philipp, "that they must have been inscribed with the full sanction of his eldest daughter, who, according to tradition, was at the sole expense of the monument." What kind of eulogy did Shakespeare's kinsfolk think most appropriate? How did they hope that he might be remembered by his fellow-townsmen? As a poet? Yes, but not in the first or second place as a poet. "Arte Maronem," says the inscription, not over happily — "in art a Virgil." But before it comes to Virgil it has given Shakespeare another kind of praise: "Iudicio Pylum, genio Socratem" — in judgment a Nestor, in genius a Socrates. He is first made equal to the wise ruler of men, to whom the leader of the Trojan expedition was wont to apply for advice in any difficulty, and who had presided over three generations, so that his counsel and authority had come to be thought like those of the immortal gods — "in judgment a Nestor;" and next he is compared to the wisest questioning spirit among the Greeks, Socrates, concerning whom his disciple Plato has these words: "I never could have thought that I should have met with a man like him in wisdom and endurance." Does it not look as if the neighbors at Stratford, among whom Shakespeare had walked, and with whom he had talked and acted, men in whose sight this monument was to stand, had recognized in the author of "King Lear" and "The Tempest" a man of pre-eminent good sense and sound judgment, before all else a wise man? Glancing up from the monumental tablet we are confirmed in our impression by other evidence; for the bust exhibits one of those capacious heads, at once broad and lofty, which we sometimes see on living shoulders, and always associate with wisdom and geniality and vast but quiet power; heads within which everything has room to fit without jostling; heads in

which so much is contained that one thing balances another, and no single idea or tendency can ever grow eager, exorbitant, or shrill.

For us such a man must needs be a teacher of the conduct of life, although we know for our comfort that he never aims at teaching us anything. It is we lesser men who, having caught a fragment or two of truth from the mighty sum of things, forthwith grow passionate to impress our little doctrine upon our fellows. But the greatest men see the wide vision of life, and as they gaze upon that vision it calms them and satisfies them, and they care not to teach or to preach, but only to say what they have seen.

Yet it is true, as Wordsworth declared, that every great poet is a teacher, and he who draws most largely from life and nature is the greatest of such teachers. Every eminent poet is a master in the formation of character; he trains his pupil in methods of looking at things; and perhaps there is no better mode of estimating a great writer's sanity and strength and breadth of mind than to observe what manner of man he helps to form. We might endeavor to guess at Shakespeare's wisdom of life from little sentences on this topic and that drawn together from his writings; but with a dramatic writer such an attempt is difficult and is hardly right. It is more profitable to put the question, What kind of pupil is formed by the master? For the answer to this question will include the effects not merely of the contents of his teaching, but also the effects, which are perhaps more important, of his methods. We know the type of character which the influence of Dante tends to form: high-strung, intense, with eye of piercing spiritual vision; severe, yet with springs of exquisite tenderness welling from the rock; one who has the girdle always knotted about his loins and his lamp ever burning. We know the type of man formed by companionship with Milton's spirit: strong with an enthusiasm of obedience to the great Taskmaster; now mounting heavenwards on the wings of aspiration, now standing on earth an armed champion of God's cause against all powers of the world, the flesh,

and the devil. In our own day the deification of Shelley is complete; but Shelley's influence in forming character, as far as it can be distinguished from a few leading ideas which are the common property of this century of revolution, has been indeterminate and subtle as that of music. Chameleon's food is light and air; the molar teeth of a man indicate a more substantial diet; we need even silicious particles to form the bones; and a youth who should feed solely on Shelley's poetry (admirable though it be as a concomitant) would run some danger of exhibiting before long symptoms of mental or moral rickets. On the whole the Wordsworthian stands well in a comparison with the disciples of other masters. The visionary light of Wordsworth's poetry is not in clouldland; it plays over cliff and scaur, and when the light fades, as it did with Wordsworth himself in the midway of his life, something substantial and venerable remains — the venerable granite seen in the face of Wordsworth the dalesman, when Wordsworth the mystic was away. There is good grit of character in the Wordsworthian underlying his mood of contemplative enthusiasm. Yet, like his master, the Wordsworthian pure and simple abides overmuch upon the hilltops and in one green valley; his own circle of thoughts and feelings contents him too well. Isolated in the ideal, he has some of the insular temper, its tenacity with narrowness, its majestic illiberality.

Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band, the "lords of human kind," in Goldsmith's poem, pass by. Perhaps like these sons of Britain in "The Traveller," the Wordsworthian clan is superior to all other tribes of modern men. A thoughtful band they assuredly are, and intent on high designs. Only, like the sons of Britain, they are often curiously environed by some non-conducting medium, and cannot help making their superiority felt by the natives of other climes —

Gay sprightly lands of innocence and ease.

And, after all, the highest wisdom goes in for the adventure of life liberally, with a courageous gaiety, which at bottom is seriousness. A time may well arrive when

the Wordsworthian valley and mountain height can no longer content our spirit; when we desire to range courageously abroad; when we must needs see the world beyond the hills; when that power of passionate contemplation within us, which turns all things to serene yet ardent ecstasy, is exhausted; when we must throw ourselves more upon reality and action, and see many and strange faces of men and women, and feel the wave of the world. If that mood should come upon us, we can no longer calmly possess the joys and reap the harvests of our upland valley; a strange discontent will poison all our blessedness, and it is wisest and best for us that we should shoulder our knapsack, with one long look at the sundawn on the hills, and fare abroad over many a varied track, and explore strange lands and distant seas and streams.\*

With Shakespeare we are abroad in the world and in the highways of life. Other poets serve us for a time, or serve a fragment of our nature, or serve a particular company of men; but he is good for all seasons and for all men; we can always sun ourselves in his ripening wisdom and in the glow of his generous temper. "Of the scope of Shakespeare," writes Mr. Ruskin, "I will say only, that the intellectual measure of every man since born, in the domains of creative thought, may be assigned to him, according to the degree in which he has been taught by Shakespeare." This is perhaps an extravagant flight, but one may assert with fullest conviction and in entire sobriety of truth, that of all influences proceeding from modern literature, that of Shakespeare is the sanest and the most powerful in the formation of character. It is such because it is favorable alike to breadth and depth and height. It does not tend to make a man intense or profound but narrow; nor does it tend to make him broad but shallow; and while it serves to make his grasp of the common realities of earth more firm and sure, it does not check those thoughts that climb to the highest heaven of human aspiration.

\* In this paragraph I have reclaimed as my own a few sentences which appeared in a review of Principal Shairp's "Lectures on Poetry," contributed by me to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, January 2, 1882.

Now, into what manner of man will Shakespeare help to fashion one who submits to his influence? In the first place he will lead his pupil away from all doctrinaire theories of life, from all thin abstractions of the intellect, from all luxurious solitudes of the imagination, and from all merely contemplative wisdom, and will direct him towards the world of human action and character and passion. He, if any writer, helps to make us real, and to bring us into fruitful relations with our fellows. His dramatic method, compelling us to shift our point of view from moment to moment, and yet keeping us steadfast in a research for moral truth, is opposed to that dogmatic temper in which many persons approach life, and trains us to apprehend with swiftness, ease, and accuracy the relative aspects of things, and the relative value of feelings which otherwise we might wholly deny or else accept as absolute and final. He sets forth human life as an affair of inexhaustible interest, and though he does not profess to unriddle its mystery, he communicates to us the courageous temper in which we can accept things not understood. He sends us forth to grapple with the world for its prizes of love and laughter and anguish and tears. It is not every eminent poet who does this. To Wordsworth life seems of interest less for its own sake than because it furnishes material for that serene yet ardent contemplation characteristic of his mind. To say of Wordsworth that he cared only for external nature is, indeed, wholly untrue; he cared profoundly for man, but nature and man alike are given to the reader only after they have been subjected to certain Wordsworthian processes of feeling. He does not so much place us in direct contact with actual life as impart to us his own peculiar manner of contemplating both external nature and the heart of man. And if it be so with Wordsworth, still less does Shelley or Keats plunge us in reality or help to make each of us an experienced denizen of the city of men. The one fixes our gaze upon an ideal of beauty until we grow faint with desire, like Endymion in love with the moon; and she visits us only in our dreams. The other thrills our

nerves as with music, and leaves us in an exquisite excitement of expectation or regret; or else he pleads with us on behalf of certain abstract doctrines, and would fain transform each of us into a missionary of the ideas of the revolution. But Shakespeare interests us directly in men and women of all sorts and conditions; and in men and women especially through what is deepest in them, the play of their passions and the inmost virtue of their spirits. We acquire from him a habit of studying our fellows each one at first hand for ourselves, and of thinking far less of their creeds and opinions than of their temperaments and the vital physics of their passions. We come to conceive of many of the problems of human life not as if they were logical puzzles, but rather as so many questions of moral chemistry. We have observed a thousand experiments, and can anticipate aright how this group of feelings or that will behave when this new reagent or that has been added to the retort or the crucible. And thus we advance to be adepts in the art of living.

We might name Shakespeare, in the phraseology of modern criticism, a realist, but unhappily this ill-treated word "realism" suggests at the present moment a school of writers whose effort seems to be to give us assurance that the real means the brutal and the base. Such certainly was not Shakespeare's belief. He studied the realities of human life and character not in the Parisian gutter, under the filthy lamplight, amid reeking slums, in the poisonous tavern, and the house of shame — though these Shakespeare's imagination could visit, as in "Measure for Measure," with a purpose; not there, but through many centuries, in many lands, and in his own great heart; among Venetian palaces, in the moonlit garden of Belmont, in the banquet-hall and among the tombs of Verona, in the Capitol of Rome, on the Athenian seashore, in the Egyptian monument, upon the platform of Elsinore, on the wild heath near Forres, by Thames' side and in the Windsor streets, among the watchfires of Agincourt, with Autolycus at the rural junketing, and in the enchanted island of Prospero. And having



studied life in all its variety, and searched it through all its secret windings and cavernous abysses, having studied it as no other man has ever done, Shakespeare brings back his report of human nature — a report which, indeed, has dark things to declare, yet one which, on the whole, encourages us to think nobly of God's creatures, man and woman. If there is an iron-hearted Goneril, there is also a Cordelia in the world. If Iago eats the dust and stings, and Macbeth plunges both hands deep in blood, Queen Katherine stands before her judges with the dignity of a blameless spirit, and Perdita runs along the greensward in her girlish innocence and joy, or plucks her cottage garden blossoms — herself an inland flower — for the shepherds' festival. Such realism as this stands a whole hemisphere apart from the brutality prepossession which now usurps the name.

One cause of the difference is this: Shakespeare was a realist who was constantly tempted by his passions and his imagination to become an idealist, and who was saved from this only by his determination to see things as they are, to take note of all facts and to inspect each fact on all its sides. The one fragment of autobiography which we have from Shakespeare, his "Sonnets," presents him to us as yielding to an unwise and extravagant affection, and as blinded for a while by that affection to the defects of his friend's character and the grievous errors of his conduct; and when defects and errors can no longer be denied, even then Shakespeare wavers between admitting the cruel facts and endeavoring to idealize them away. It is only after years of estrangement and suffering that he regains tranquillity, and a joy which, though rapturous with renewal of love, has yet something in it of maturity and sobriety, the evil in the past being now accepted with the good, all vain hopes and false imaginations being renounced, and the ruined love, if it can climb no longer to the clouds, being rebuilt on surer and stronger foundations. The "Sonnets" give us a record of the mistakes of an idealist in reference to friendship, and of the final correction of those mistakes, and we cannot doubt that when he wrote the "Sonnets," Shakespeare looked into his own heart.

In his plays he regards the idealist and his errors with a mingled gentleness and severity, such as he might feel towards his past self, whose weaknesses he could think of tenderly, inasmuch as they were

now overmastered. The gentleness resembles that of Cervantes towards his Don Quixote. Innumerable are the errors of that gallant knight, and it needs but the common sense of a Sancho Panza to perceive them; but the very liability to such heroic delusions implies a generosity of soul which honest Sancho — humble realist with no risks from the ideal — can but imperfectly conceive. To run tilt against windmills in place of giants is, indeed, an unfortunate mistake; but to lack spirit so far as to be incapable of charging at any evil thing is to be more deeply infected with error and delusion. Now, in two of his plays, Shakespeare has made studies of idealists: one, the Roman Brutus enamored of virtue and exalting in his fancy alike friends and foes to his own level; the other, the Athenian Timon, driven wild by the sight and sense of vice, and writing for his epitaph the words, "Here lie I Timon, who alive all living men did hate." And alike to Brutus and Timon strictest justice is dealt by Shakespeare, while yet he is tender in dealing forth that justice. The idealism of the Stoic Brutus is, however, of a nobler kind than the lax optimism of the Athenian prodigal; therefore, he undergoes no cruel revulsion of feeling, and can exclaim in the moment of his self-sought death, —

My heart doth joy that yet in all my life  
I found no man but he was true to me.

And yet the day is lost, and with it what he conceives to be the cause of liberty, and all through his incapacity from the first to perceive and grasp the facts of the world. Shakespeare is stern to Brutus as he tracks him from delusion to delusion; yet tender as well as stern, and so he secures our assent to that funeral *éloge* of the dead conspirator, which is put into the mouth of Antony, —

This was the noblest Roman of them all.

In this sense, then, Shakespeare is a "realist." He is a master of the facts of life, and among what we term facts must be reckoned not merely those which bulk grossly before us, but also the most evanescent feelings and fantasies. The shadows which fly over a waving field of wheat are as truly facts of the landscape at a particular moment as the breadth of cornland itself. It is by quickening our sense of the finer and more evasive phenomena of life that the poet can render us the most important service. In proportion to our perception and acknowledgment of the realities of the world will be our sanity

and strength, if only our realism be of a large kind, recognizing alike the coarse and fine, what is base and what is pure, radiant, heroic, sacred. But to perceive the more delicate facts of character and passion, and the play of social forces, we need the eye of imagination trained to the discovery of truth. No one can submit to Shakespeare's discipline without gradually gaining an enlargement and refinement of the power of imaginative vision, and thus he cannot fail to obtain in some measure the power of seeing many kinds of things and of seeing each thing on many sides.

Now, one who keeps himself in close and fruitful relation with the facts of life, will necessarily acquire both a certain tolerance, and a certain severity. And this is Shakespeare's temper. His severity is a wholesome severity, not incompatible with a genial disposition; but severe he must be, because he knows that things are what they are, and will be what they will be; there is no use in pretences or make-believes; solid rock is solid rock, and even vapor is vapor, and must be taken account of in our calculations. It calls for some wholesome hardness of fibre to resolve that we shall see things as they are. The "vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations," of which Bacon speaks in his essay, are all so agreeable. Shakespeare's adhesion to reality delivers him from the love of unreal words, for a serious heart is due to this good world of ours; from that form of spurious emotion which we name sentimentality, and from that feebleness of imagination which we name romance; it preserves him from the intoxication of glittering ideas and false philosophies (of which we may observe something in Shelley), and it makes him sensible of the becomingness of moderation and reserve. "To romance," it has been well said, "is the invariable sign of feeble imagination, inasmuch as it totally separates the real from the ideal, and keeps them apart like two worlds to be occupied in turns — the dull and earthly, the glorious and divine."\* But it is Shakespeare's art to discover the divine in the human, and the ideal in the real. Hence his enthusiasm, when he rises to enthusiasm, has a strength of solidity in it, which comes from the fact that it is not woven out of the substance of a dream, but is backed up, inspired, and invigorated by the veritable forces of the universe. As to sentimental emotion

with its rhetorical modes of expression, the feeble overflow of spurious passion, Shakespeare has studied it with interest, and, indeed, with sympathy, and has once for all condemned it in the person of his royal sentimentalist and rhetorician, King Richard II.

Shakespeare, then, condemns unreality in sentiment and speech, and has a strong sense of the virtue of moderation and reserve. When one of us has seized some truth which seems to be of vital importance, how eager we grow to cry it aloud on the housetops! Shakespeare, because he is a true dramatist, does not care to utter such a truth at all as a doctrine, but plunges it back into life, and exhibits it in action as one vital fact among many. Life, we may be sure, spoke to him of no higher reality than that of pure, self-sacrificing love, the glad readiness of man or woman to drink the bitter-sweet of perfect self-surrender for love's sake. If the martyr in such a case as this be a woman, full of gracious life, and youth, and strength; if she be royal, and steps down with an assured step from the throne to the dungeon; if she should surrender the joy of early wedded love; if the sacrifice be made on behalf of one whose days are almost spent, and who has cruelly wronged and outraged her; and if — most grievous circumstance of all — the sacrifice be made apparently in vain, so that in the light of no joy that is set before her do the pain and loss become easy to bear, then will be presented a situation as full of tragic pathos as can be found within the range of dramatic poetry. It is the situation of Shakespeare's Cordelia. Some critics have been staggered by the strange meting out of suffering to one who is innocent of all offence, and they have endeavored to discover a crime in Cordelia, for which she receives the award of retributive justice. There was, they allege, a certain lack of tenderness in Cordelia's answer to her father's demand for love when he resigned his kingdom. As if she could have entered into competition with Goneril and Regan in professions of affection, in order to obtain for her husband a wealthier dower; as if the whole play were not penetrated and purified by the divine tenderness of Cordelia; as if Kent had not sprung forward to declare the truth —

Answer my life my judgment  
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee  
least;  
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound  
Reverbs no hollowness;

\* James Martineau: *Miscellanies* (Boston, 1852) p. 227.

as if the fool's pining since his young lady went to France does not tell of the sunshine of Cordelia's love blessing both high and low; as if we could forget how she received with patience and sorrow the tidings of her father's wrongs, queening it over her passion; as if in all poetry there is a scene of tenderness more poignant through its beauty than that in the tent, where Lear awakens from his rage, weak and still half wildered, to find his injured daughter watching by the bed. But the words which vindicate completely Cordelia's reply to her father in the opening scene, because they demonstrate, under most trying circumstances, the habit of her soul, are those which she utters when the battle has gone against her, when she and her father are the prisoners of Goneril and Regan, and she stands by the king's side under guard, expecting the triumphant entrance of her sisters. It is precisely the situation to call forth from an inferior dramatist a rhetorical moral tirade, declaring that virtue is its own reward, and that a clear conscience in a dungeon is better than an evil heart upon a throne. But Shakespeare is not betrayed into any pleading on behalf of virtue; his dramatic reserve is not to be overmastered. Cordelia, true to herself, has but one quiet word to say, and that we may feel her undisturbed equanimity Shakespeare puts the speech into rhyme. Why should she not fail and be defeated? On this also she had reckoned as a possibility in the course of events:—

We are not the first

Who, with best meaning, have incurred the worst.

For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;  
Myself could else outfrown false Fortune's frown.

Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

Whereupon Lear, in his violence of weakness, breaks forth with pathetic extravagances:—

No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:  
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:  
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,

And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of court news.

Lear, running on thus with his exuberant and half-incoherent fancies, is still as he ever was, the plaything of his passions, and cannot for a moment hold his heart in check.

"Shakespeare," says the great moralist of the eighteenth century, Johnson, "has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles." And he goes on to express his approval of Tate's alteration of the play, which represents the heroine as retiring with victors and felicity, and to relate that early in life he was himself so shocked by Cordelia's death that he had not endured to read again the last scenes until he undertook to revise them as an editor. Had Johnson, then, a deeper sense than Shakespeare of the moral order of the world? Is our wisest poet here untrue to the deepest facts of life? And is Nahum Tate his reformer, the inventor of the true close of the world's greatest tragedy? No; but Shakespeare, with his strict fidelity to facts, will deny neither the trial of our faith in the moral order of the world nor that moral order itself; and Johnson's turning away from the last scenes of the play shows that, with all his strong common sense, there was a sentimental weakness in Johnson. Cordelia dies strangled in prison. Is this, then, the reward of her self-sacrifice? No, for sacrificial love cannot be rewarded. It may spend itself in light and joy, or in darkness and sorrow, but it never seeks and never can receive a reward. And we should observe that though Cordelia and Lear lie dead, her generous enterprise has not been fruitless; some of the poor human instruments of the eternal justice have done their work and are laid aside, but the evil rule of the wicked sisters is at an end; the cause of righteousness is triumphant; from the remorseless strength of Goneril and Regan's malicious grip the supreme power now passes to the gentle hands of Albany.

The good laws of the world, Shakespeare assures us, can never be overthrown by the boldest aggressor, nor evaded by the most cunning trickster. For the conduct of life surely there is nothing more essential than to have this conviction driven deep into our consciousness. "And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom." This "fear of the Lord" is incorporated by Shakespeare in the impression left upon us by his great tragedies in a way far more effectual than if he were invariably to apportion rewards and punishments in the fifth act with a neat and ready hand to his good and evil characters. It was enough for him to engage our loyalty and love for human

worth, wherever and however we meet with it, and to make us rejoice in its presence whether it find in this world conditions favorable to its action or the reverse. This we might name the principle of faith in the province of ethics, and there at all events we are saved by faith. The innocent suffer in Shakespeare's plays as they do in real life; but all our hearts go with them. Which of us would not choose to be Duncan lying in his blood rather than Macbeth upon the throne? Which of us would not choose rather to suffer wrong with Desdemona than rejoice in accomplished villainy with Iago? But Macbeth, Iago, Edmund, Richard III., King Claudius, and the other malefactors of Shakespeare's plays do not indeed triumph in the final issue. "The conscience of mankind refuses to believe in the ultimate impunity of guilt, and looks upon the flying criminal as only taking a circuit to his doom."\* Shakespeare here rightly exhibits things foreshortened in the tract of time. Though the innocent and the righteous may indeed, if judged from a merely external point of view, appear as losers in the game of life, the guilty can never in the long run be the winners. The baser types, which for a time seem to flourish in violation of the laws of health or the spiritual laws of the inner life, inevitably tend towards sterility and extinction. The righteous have not set their hearts on worldly success or prosperity, and they do not attain it; a dramatic poet may courageously exhibit the fact; but what is dearer they attain, — a serene conscience and a tranquil assurance that all must be well with those supported by the eternal laws. But the guilty ones, whose aim has been external success, and who have challenged the divine laws or hoped to evade them, are represented as failing in the end to achieve that poor success on which their hearts have been set. "I have seen the wicked in great power . . . but I went by, and lo, he was not." Follow a malefactor far enough, Shakespeare says, and you will find that his feet must needs be caught in the toils spread for those who strive against the moral order of the world. Nor can pleasure evade those inexorable laws any more than can crime. A golden mist with magic exhalations and strange glamor, pleasure may raise for an hour; but these are the transitory glories of sunset vapors, which Night presently strikes into sullen quietude with her leaden mace. This is what Shakespeare

has exhibited in his "Antony and Cleopatra." All the sensuous witchery of the East is there displayed; but behind the gold and the music, the spicery and the eager amorous faces, rise the dread forms of actors on whom the players in that stupendous farce-tragedy had not reckoned, the forms of the calm avenging laws.

But Shakespeare, as one of his critics well observes, has no "moral demonstrativeness," no "redundancy of conscience;" he does not try to exhibit "better morals than are taught by nature and by Providence." He puts his moral platitudes and clap-trap into the mouths of persons who can utter them at small cost with their lips because they have never found a faithful expression in their lives. It is Polonius who preaches, —

To thine own self be true  
And it must follow, as the night the day  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

And though the gallery applaud the sentiment, its dramatic virtue lies less in its moral truth than in the irony which assigns it to the crafty waiter on success. It is the self-indulgent king who, when he has neglected every royal duty and by his wantonness prepared his fall, exclaims, —  
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay  
A glorious angel; then, if angels fight,  
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards  
the right.

If Shakespeare makes us fall in love with goodness, he does this by presenting it in the person of a man or woman, not by putting into his hero's mouth a series of moral tirades. "A poet's conscience of virtue," writes Mr. Hudson, "is better kept to himself, save as the sense and spirit thereof silently insinuate themselves into the shapings of his hand, and so live as an undercurrent in the natural course of truth and beauty. If he has the genius and the heart to see and to represent things just as they really are, his moral teaching cannot but be good, and the less it stands out as a special aim the more effective it will be; but if for any purpose, however moral, he goes to representing things otherwise than as they are, then just so far his moral teaching will miss its mark; and if he takes, as divers well-meaning persons have done, to flourishing his ethical robes in our faces, then he must be content to pass with us for something less or something more than a poet; we may still read him indeed from a mistaken sense of duty, but we shall never be drawn to him by an unsophisticated love of the beautiful and the true." The virtues

\* J. Martineau: *A Study of Religion*, vol. ii., p. 46.

of Shakespeare's characters, as Mr. Hudson goes on to say, sit easy upon them. We do not think of Horatio, Edgar, Kent, or Posthumus as living in the pursuit of virtue; there is no moral stress in their words or deeds. Helena, Portia, Viola, Cordelia, Hermione, Miranda, Desdemona, Imogen — "how perfectly free their goodness is from anything like stress! . . . They are wise, witty, playful, humorous, grave, earnest, impassioned, practical, imaginative; the most profound and beautiful thoughts drop from them as things too common and familiar to be spoken with the least emphasis." Not one of them has heard of woman's mission; not one of them prides herself on splashing mud with the ill-handled besom of reform; not one tries to do every one else's business badly; each is content to do gracefully her own work, glad or sad.

"The two principal rules and lessons of life," says Mrs. Cash, "which George Eliot gave to a young friend were, first, *Be accurate*, and second, *My dear child, the great lesson of life is tolerance*." These lessons, indicated by George Eliot in her ripened wisdom as more important than any others for the uses of life, are taught by Shakespeare in a large and generous manner, although indirectly and without demonstration, after his own dramatic method. For what is this reality, and adhesion to the fact, and severity, and moderation shown in his writings but a way of saying, "Be accurate"? Recognize the facts and the laws of life, and falsify nothing; do not wander vaguely in the void or in a shadow-land of fantasies and pale abstractions; know men and women for what they are indeed, blinking neither the evil nor the good. But Shakespeare also says, "Be tolerant." For Shakespeare's severity is not of a kind which makes him grim. He is at once full of exquisite pity and full of joyous laughter. And in this he shows himself a wiser master of life than Dante. Dante is indeed definite, exact, severe; he, if ever any teacher, says to his pupil, "Be accurate." And in the midst of his severity there spring up in Dante's nature wells of the finest pity and tenderness. But Dante, although he can be piteous, is grim, and if he laughs his laughter is terrible rather than joyous or genial. But Shakespeare, who says, like Dante, "Be accurate," and is as exact and definite as Dante, says also, "Be tolerant," and he is at once exquisitely pitiful for human sorrow, and full of measureless laughter at the laughter-stirring play of human life.

He addresses himself to meet the world like a young athlete, who has a vigorous delight in the grapple and the tug, and who smiles while yet he is thoroughly in earnest. A portion of this joyous seriousness is imparted by Shakespeare to each of his true disciples. We feel that life, as he educates us to see it, is full of countless possibilities of good. This world of ours is a world well worth our inhabiting, and to make it yield up its treasures — treasures of love, of truth, of beauty, and of joy — we shall do well to bestir ourselves with cheerful zeal.

It is not easy to see how any one can be accurate in George Eliot's or Shakespeare's way without being also tolerant. For their accuracy is not that of the pedant or the dogmatist, an accuracy of fixed lines, but the mobile accuracy of the dramatist, a swift and unerroneous transition from point to point of sympathy. Half of the intolerance and injustice of the world arises from an inability to conceive, or at least to enter into and enjoy other types of character than our own; an inability to understand with rapidity and exactness the postures of intellect and the emotional attitudes of our fellows. If we receive a quick enjoyment from the play of various life around us we can hardly be intolerant; but in order to receive such enjoyment we must be sure in our perceptions and correct in our interpretations of the visible phenomena. We learn through our imagination to play a thousand parts in the drama of human existence, and learn even to observe the behavior of our own hearts with an amused dramatic eye. Nor does this dramatic habit of feeling necessarily produce in us a defect of moral force, if we cultivate a spirit of fidelity not only to the multiform minor facts of life, but also to those large and abiding facts which we name the laws of life. It is possible to be lithe and at the same time firm. No other firmness indeed is half so valuable as that which is buoyant and elastic — the firmness, not of a corpse grown rigid, but of an athlete ready for the spring.

Being thus at once earnest and joyously full of life, Shakespeare is capable of free and generous laughter. It is no trivial part of the education which he imparts to his pupil that he shows him the humorous side of life, and teaches him to laugh honestly and well. "A vale of tears" this world has often been named; and so it is, but also a vale of smiles, and of jubilant laughter. Shakespeare shows it to us in both aspects, and he makes us perceive



that the tears, when illuminated by the light of innocent joy, become purified from all that is contracting, selfish, and enervating; and that the smiles and laughter become wiser and more exquisite because of the tears; and sometimes with a marvellous alchemy of genius he mingles the two, as in the passion of Lear upon the heath and in the hovel, with his poor fool jesting across the whirling rain and wind, and the flashes of the lightning, until, in the strange commixture of tempestuous rage and grotesque derision, the heart of man seems no less frenzied, and in its frenzy no less vast and wonderful than the elements.

Shakespeare teaches us to laugh wisely, to smile through our sympathies, and therefore he wholly abstains from two kinds of laughter—the laughter of folly and the laughter of cruelty. Of the laughter of fools, which is the crackling of thorns under a pot, we hear nothing in Shakespeare, save on those rare occasions when it is introduced dramatically to expose the poverty of soul of some minor *dramatis personæ*. Thus in "The Tempest" the base conspirators betray their baseness by the contemptible jesting, which vexes the wise old Gonzalo and wounds the heart of the king, who still supposes that his son has been swallowed by the waves. Shakespeare's laughter has always a basis of good sense; and again, it has always a basis of kindliness. There is a laughter of demons, such as may be seen on the faces of Ciampolo's tormentors in Blake's illustration of the twenty-second canto of the "Inferno." And there is a laughter of despair, such as may be heard in the mockery of Swift (the more appalling because it is so exactly calculated) when the darkness was closing in upon him. Of these there is none in Shakespeare, for even Timon's mockery of humanity has in it no touch of coldness. But setting aside the laughter of devils and the laughter of incipient lunacy, what species of human laughter is there in which we are not indulged or educated by Shakespeare, from the impish jest in merry mischief-making of a Robin Goodfellow, to the grave, glad smile of Prospero, when from his height of spiritual attainment he looks down and observes Miranda, in the first joy of a girl's love, eager to shoulder the logs for Ferdinand—

Poor worm, thou art infected!  
This visitation shows it.

And assuredly if, as George Eliot asserted, the second great lesson of life is

"Be tolerant," he helps us well to learn that lesson who instructs us to laugh honestly and smile kindly, rather than grow wrathful and indignant at the lesser errors and frailties of our fellow-mortals, or at our own. To temper our harsh judgments by a sense of human fraternity, and to do this by means of smiles, or of smiles mingled with tears, is one of Shakespeare's noblest moral gifts. Falstaff is not a very estimable person; he would have been placed perhaps by Dante in the third circle of hell, among the shadows whom the heavy rain subdues; and Shakespeare condemns him when King Henry refuses to admit the old man to his friendship or his counsel. But how wise and tender Shakespeare renders our judgment of Falstaff by that last pathetic scene, which tells how he played with flowers and babbled of green fields; and how, through Falstaff, the poet pleads for all that is genial in humanity! If we cannot laugh with Falstaff in the tavern, we had better look to ourselves lest our virtue have not something illiberal in it. The moral pedant runs the risk of vices of another kind, and in the fatuity of his self-love may play tricks before high heaven, in yellow stockings and cross-gartered, which will make angels weep or smile. No; we cannot imagine that joyous boon companion sackless and sugarless in the third circle of the Inferno; rather we incline to Mistress Quickly's opinion of his case: "Nay, sure he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom."

In Gray's poem, "The Progress of Poesy," the Mighty Mother is represented as unveiling her face to the boy Shakespeare on the banks of Avon, and as giving him her gift of the power of the keys:—

Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!  
This can unlock the gates of Joy,  
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,  
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic  
Tears.

The sacred source of sympathetic tears—who has opened it as wide as Shakespeare? If he educates us through his humor, teaching us to laugh wisely and to laugh kindly, he also tells us that there is a time to weep as well as a time to laugh. And from the culture through art of our sympathy with grief the gain is great. Not that any power of art can directly or immediately loosen the contracting grip of anguish, but indirectly it may do much by training the imagination to act in the ser-

vice of the heart, so that we shall feel in some degree how our private and personal woe is a fragment of the great sorrow of the world, how we are one of a community of mourners, and that our outcry of grief should therefore be no shriek or solitary iron cry across the gloom, but a part borne gravely, and if possible graciously, in a solemn choral lamentation. And thus the mere brute cry of pain — the cry, as it were, of a wild beast over its slaughtered mate or for its ravished young one, is elevated into something human, something harmonious, while yet profoundly mournful. Through culture of the imagination we come to bear a worthy part in earth's perpetual chant of mourners; by its means we come to feel that we are not isolated individuals; that the great heart of humanity beats in sympathy with our sorrow; that we must therefore purge away what is impure or extravagant in our grief, lest it should be out of tune with that great heart of sorrow, pity, and love, the common human heart, on which our own repose. It is the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet" whose lamentations for her young mistress, supposed dead, are most loud-tongued and obstreperous.

O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!  
Most lamentable day, most woful day,  
That ever, ever, I did yet behold.

From this ground level there is a long climbing of the heights of sorrow before we hear such words as those in which Constance mourns for her lost Arthur: —

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.

And yet the grief of Constance lacks something of that firm-fibred pain, ready to transform itself into heroic action, which we recognize in these words of Macduff: —

*Malcolm.* Dispute it like a man.  
*Macduff.* I shall do so;  
But I must also feel it as a man.  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me.

This tune indeed goes manly. But the sorrow which transforms itself into fraternal love, not revenge and hate, is of a yet higher strain. It is Brutus who has told in plainest words the tidings of the death of Portia, and who would now complete the reconciliation with his alienated comrade: —

Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine,  
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

And so the spirit of Portia lives on in the love of two strong men.

Shakespeare's wisdom of life, as seen in his writings, is in the main occupied, as it ought to be, with the affairs of the individual rather than with public concerns or the history of a nation. He instructs us, before all else, in the physiology of the passions, and under his influence we come to feel that the wisdom of life resides less in mere prudence or the suppression of the passions than in finding for them their right direction. But he also exhibits the conduct of men in public station, their virtues and defects as statesmen and rulers, and he has traced, in his dramatic way, the entire life of the English people during a critical period of history. And yet it would be hard to say whether, according to our modern nomenclature, we should label Shakespeare as "Liberal" or "Conservative," or whether Hartley Coleridge was right or wrong when he described him playfully as "a Tory and a gentleman." Shakespeare will not make proselytes for any political party, as a propagandist of abstract principles might do. No boy who reads his English or Roman historical plays will be sent forth into the world on an eager mission, as Shelley was sent forth by his study of Godwin's philosophy of revolution; but if he reads intelligently, his judgment will in some measure have been soundly trained. He will learn that character, integrity, good sense, and passion directed to high ends are more important than the contending doctrines or catch-words of parties; and thus if Shakespeare does not make potitinal converts, he may do something towards making the Whig a wiser Whig and the Tory a wiser Tory. "There is far more in common," writes a great living historian,\* "between the wise and sound of opposing parties than there is between the sound and the corrupt of the same — between the thinkers of opposite parties and the thinkers and fools of the same." Shakespeare's study of the rulers of England during a century of strife and trouble, from the second Richard to the third, is not a doctrinaire study of abstract principles, but a study of human character and action. The tendency of his teaching is to form such politicians as we might expect to be formed by the right reading of

\* Bishop Stubbs: Lectures on Mediaeval and Modern History, p. 19.

history, and of what kind they are let the same great historian tell whose words have just now been cited : —

What we want to see is men applying to history and politics the same spirit in which wise men act in their discipline of themselves : not to cease to be partisans, not to cease to hold and utter strong opinions, but to be as careful in their party behavior and in their support of their opinions, as they are in their behavior in social circles, their conversation in social life. The first object of the true politician, as of the true patriot, is to keep himself and his party pure, and then to secure victory ; to abolish meanness and corruption where he has influence, rather than to make capital by denouncing it where his denunciation can only provoke a retort. The sound politician, on whichever side he may be and however thorough he may be, believes that his scheme of politics is the one in which the benefit of this country is most entirely involved, and he wishes the position of his country to be impregnable : to be impregnable it must be sound ; if his party represents to him his country, his party must be sound, and it concerns him much more closely to purify his own ranks than those of the enemy. Success is certain to the pure and true : success to falsehood and corruption, tyranny and aggression, is only the prelude to a greater and an irremediable fall.

Or, as Shakespeare tells us, it matters less for England whether a Yorkist or Lancastrian be at the head of affairs than whether the ruler be a man of integrity and strength, like his Henry V., or a pattern of royal incompetence, who cannot check corruption and violence, like Henry's pseudo-saintly son.

In all his plays Shakespeare appears as at once a lover of order and a lover of freedom — not of the mere name as bawled upon the political platform, but of such freedom as is needed for the vigorous play of all human faculties. Reverence he calls "the angel of the world." And into the mouth of Ulysses, his ideal of the practical wisdom of this world, he puts a profound and justly celebrated encomium of "degree," that is, the distinctions of rank and station : —

Take 'but degree away, untune that string,  
And, hark, what discord follows ! each thing  
meets  
In mere oppugnancy : the bounded waters  
Should lift their bosoms higher than the  
shores  
And make a sop of all this solid globe :  
Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
And the rude son should strike his father  
dead ;  
Force should be right ; or rather, right and  
wrong,

Between whose endless jar justice resides,  
Should lose their names, and so should justice  
too.

Then everything includes itself in power,  
Power into will, will into appetite,  
And appetite, an universal wolf,  
So doubly seconded with will and power,  
Must make perforce an universal prey,  
And last eat up himself.

Here is a memorable analysis of the history of revolutionary movements whose ultimate motive is greed, and no part of Shakespeare's analysis is yet out of date. But in the midst of this panegyric of "degree" we find words which vindicate freedom, —

right and wrong,  
Between whose endless jar justice resides.

And in truth the passage is not a pleading on behalf of any kind of arbitrary power, but a pleading against the vice of faction and in favor of that justice which comes only through freedom at one with order. In the Shakespearean drama life is rich, and various, and fruitful, because man's thought and passion have an open career within the bounds of justice. In this free conflict and clash of life it is that man grows prudent, just, orderly, and strong. Had Shakespeare been the courtier-dramatist of a great monarchy, it could not have been so ; but writing, as he did, for the motley assembly of a London theatre, at a time when England was overflowing with new ardor, energy, and enterprise, he mirrors in his pages the multitudinous life of a free people.

The lines which have been quoted from that strange and perplexing play "Troilus and Cressida," are spoken by Ulysses, who is profoundly skilled in worldly wisdom, and a master of the arts of statecraft. There is more, perhaps, of cynicism in "Troilus and Cressida" than can be found elsewhere in Shakespeare, and a higher than worldly wisdom would have been out of keeping with the general tone of the piece. Troilus, when his fresh young love receives its death-wound as he sees Cressida doing dishonor to faith and womanhood in the camp of the Greeks, needs to have at hand the aid of a cool temper and experienced brain, and these he finds in Ulysses. What a master of policy he is ! How easily he can turn around his finger Agamemnon or the duller Achilles ! How quick he is to discern the true character of Cressida, and to bring forward to view the noble nature, still immature, of Troilus ! A skilful and practised player in the game of life, Shakespeare recog-

nizes the value of such worldly wisdom, and would have us rate it at its true price. No doubt the wild fellow who left Stratford to earn his bread among the London actors, and who came back wealthy, dignified, and respected, had gained a sufficiency of this worldly wisdom, and knew how to put it to good account. But Shakespeare could conceive a higher wisdom of life than that which he exhibits in the Grecian soldier and statesman, and this higher wisdom he has embodied in the person of his enchanter Prospero. Here is something larger, loftier, serener than mere astute policy can ever be. For, indeed, Prospero, "all dedicated to closeness and the bettering of his mind," is somewhat unskilled in statecraft, with its winding ways; else he had not lost his dukedom in days gone by. Nor is it diplomacy which he could learn on the enchanted island. But he has acquired power over nature, extending from the genius of this brute earth, Caliban, to the elemental spirit of air, who can transform the fine texture of his being to fire, as when he flames upon the mast-head, or to a creature of ocean, as when he lures Ferdinand onward with songs of sea-things rich and strange. And thus with his subject spirits at command, Prospero can play the part of a providence over the fortunes of those who had wronged him and dismissed him from his dukedom. From his height of serene and solemn wisdom he regards life tenderly, yet not without a certain sternness, for he knows both the evil and the good; and his intent is by his wise providence to bring good out of the evil. He stands aloof from life, but through his sympathies profoundly and pathetically interested in it; interested now more for others than himself, seeing how transitory and yet how keen are their griefs and joys.

We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

What a contrast is Prospero to that other famous magician of the Elizabethan drama, Marlowe's Faustus! The German doctor will surrender his soul to "great Lucifer" if the fiend will but let him live for four-and-twenty years in all voluptuousness, as emperor of the world, having Mephistophelis by his side, —

To give me whatsoever I shall ask,  
To tell me whatsoever I demand,  
To slay mine enemies and aid my friends,  
And always be obedient to my will.

It would almost seem as if Shakespeare,

at the close of his wonderful career as a poet, had looked back to his early days, when he was in discipleship to Marlowe, and would now show of what kind an enchanter may be who has attended to the voice of his good angel instead of the seduction of his attendant devil. In the end Prospero elects to be no wonder-working magician, but a mere man; and therefore he will break his magic staff, sink his book deeper than ever plummet sounded, and dismiss his beloved Ariel to the elements for which he pants. Prospero will disrobe him from his enchanter's robes, and present himself with hat and rapier as he was sometime Milan. What more indeed can he gain from spell or conjuration, who has learnt the highest secrets of human existence? For now his care is set on two things, and in these he finds the highest joy of which the soul of man is capable: he would perfect and preserve from spot or blemish the joy of young and innocent hearts — Ferdinand and Miranda shall love each other with all the ardent purity of stainless spirits, and find their happiness in such love. This first; and secondly, Prospero would extend the bounty of his forgiveness to the repentant wrong-doers, who had so pitilessly dealt with him when he was in their power. To be the creator and fashioner of joy for those who are worthy of it, and to return good for evil — these are the last attainments of that noble magic practised by Shakespeare's enchanter; these are the ripened fruits of all Shakespeare's wisdom of life. For his own part, Prospero will return to his dukedom, and guide it with a firm hand aright; he will omit no princely duty, while yet he must needs bear in mind that this mortal life is like the beautiful masque of spirits — a pageant, with a meaning in it indeed, but a pageant soon to fade, and leave not a rack behind. And so when he returns to Milan, every third thought shall be his grave; every third thought, but the other two are claimed by life and duty. In his conception of Prospero we touch at last the topmost reach of Shakespeare's moral and spiritual attainment. He sees life widely, calmly, with a temperate heart, with eyes purged and purified. And he sees perhaps not only the vision of life, but through it to deeper and larger things beyond. Shakespeare does not tell us what he saw when he looked beyond life with those calm, experienced eyes. It was not his province to report such things to us, as if he were God's spy. But assuredly he saw nothing which confused or

clouded his soul; else he could not feel towards this our mortal life so purely, wisely, gently; else Prospero could not so tranquilly resign his supernatural sources of knowledge and his supernatural power, and piously accept the duties of mere manhood.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

From Temple Bar.

GRISELDA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"BETWEEN TWO STOOLS," "THE NEW SCHOOL OF AMERICAN FICTION," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"The shadow of a monarch's crown is softened in her hair."

"WHAT is the good of a birthday without presents?" I ask disconsolately, leaning a pair of shabby elbows on the shabby tablecloth.

"I never could see any good in birthdays myself," answers my brother, the Honorable Patrick MacRonan, setting light to a very indifferent cigarette, and looking at me compassionately with his dark-blue eyes. "They must be especially unpleasant to a girl, I should say. Poor old Grizel, she's getting on in life, and nothing to show for it!"

"I used to think twenty such a terrible age when I was seventeen," I say, casting myself back in our one armchair, a precarious structure of stained deal and horse-hair. "Oh, Pat, Pat, my dear old Pat, why weren't we born common folk who might have kept a shop, or stood on our heads, without exasperating the manes of a lot of old ancestors?"

"Hark to the daughter of a hundred Irish kings; to the Honorable Griselda MacRonan, sister to the most noble Viscount Goll, and niece to half the peerage of the Emerald Isle!" cries Patrick, puffing hard at his strong-smelling cigarette.

"A great deal of good it does one!" I cry, looking round at the dreary little lodging-house parlor. "It was bad enough when we had to let Ronantown because of those poor creatures of tenants and their rents; but when it comes to hiding away like this, and to dear old Goll's hanging about the Chancery Court all day for what he may never get — why, then I declare I sometimes wish we had been born grocers!"

"You might at least confine your wish to yourself. I never wish I had been born a grocer!" says a clear, proud voice from the other end of the room, as my

sister Katherine sends a scornful glance from her beautiful eyes at the reclining figure in the "easy"-chair. "And, Griselda," she goes on, raising her handsome head from her sewing, "you have no right to talk in that way about Goll. He is doing his best for us all. The money is ours, and must fall to us if there is any justice in the land."

"In the mean time," says Patrick, "I can't say I find Welby a particularly pleasant land of exile, especially since you and Goll are so determined we shall not soil that ancient purple of ours by contact with other people's brand-new satins."

"You know as well as I do," answers Katherine, "that the people in Welby are not of our own sort. We have no right to begin acquaintances which it would be impossible for us even to acknowledge afterwards. There can be nothing in common between us and the townspeople."

"I don't expect they would be grateful for any little attentions we might show them," I cry. "You forget, Katie, that to them we are only the MacRonans, obscure Irish strangers, in poor lodgings."

"My dears, haven't we had enough of this discussion?" says my mother, who is darning stockings at the table. As she speaks, her gentle face flushes, and I feel guilty.

Of all the many shifts, contrivances and humiliations of our poverty, this is the one that has entered like iron into my mother's proud soul — that it has been deemed expedient to drop our lawful style and title, and present ourselves to the Welby world as Mrs., Mr., and the Misses MacRonan.

"It is a miserable business," Goll had said on the morning of his departure for London; "but it would never do in a place like this to let the people know who we are. Afterwards, when you come to take your right place in the world, it might be unpleasant in many ways." And mother submits, as we all have submitted, to this handsome, tyrannical brother of ours, ever since I can remember.

"I have some news! Would any one like to hear it?" I ask, breaking in on the uncomfortable pause which has followed my mother's remark. "A most important, exciting, unique piece of news."

"Aw, really!" drawls Patrick, assuming his most man-of-the-world air. "Aw, of course we shall be most happy to hear anything Miss MacRonan may have to tell us."

"Now, don't be silly, Pat. When I got to the Watsons' this morning, I found



everybody up in arms; servants running to and fro, and Margaret Watson career-ing up and down-stairs in that fussy way of hers. The pervading excitement had penetrated even to the schoolroom, where the table was covered with all sorts of glass pots like fish-bowls. The children were more troublesome than usual over their lessons, and at last little Jo, unable to contain himself any longer, informed me that 'mamma had a party to-morrow night.' I reproved him severely and made him go on with his dates."

"Oh! a fine schoolmarm you must be, Miss Grizel! Now I come to think of it, you are the very image of Miss O'Brien. Don't you remember poor old O'Brien and the schoolroom at Ronantown?"

"Don't interrupt, Pat. I went down before lunch to give Margaret Watson her singing, and in the middle of the lesson Mrs. Watson came in, with her most gracious smile on, and said—what do you think she said?"

"I am on the rack to know."

"Well, she said, 'Miss MacRonan, I am giving a little party to-morrow night in honor of the New Year. I should be so pleased if you would join us!'"

I paused and looked round at my audience. Katherine's head is bent over her sewing; my mother is threading a needle with great deliberation; Pat gives a prolonged whistle.

"And what did you say?" he asks after a pause.

"Oh, I thanked her, and—told her my arrangements did not depend on myself," I answer rather hurriedly, "and that I would write this afternoon."

Pat whistles again; my mother and sister proceed with their work in silence.

"Is it possible," says Katherine at last, raising her proud head and looking at me, "is it possible, Griselda, that you wish to go to—this party?"

"Mrs. Watson meant to be kind; it would have been ungracious to refuse straight away," I answer evasively; "and besides—oh, Katie, I *do* feel a little dull sometimes!"

"My dear," says my mother, "of course it is out of the question that you should go. Think how shocked your brother would be. He would be vexed enough if he knew that you had persuaded me to allow you to teach these Watsons—very good people, no doubt, but not of our world. Come, Griselda, write a gracious little note at once, and say that you do not go out. And word it carefully; I should not wish you to hurt any one's feelings."

"'Hurt any one's feelings!' Oh, you dear, proud mother! Don't you see that Mrs. Watson's point of view cannot be the same as ours? She will think I have no gown, if she thinks at all," I cry ruefully.

"She will be quite correct on that point," says Katherine.

"But I have a gown," I protest. "The white tarlatan did very well for Ronantown; surely it would be good enough for Welby."

"It's a very pretty gown, and shure it is," cries Patrick, launching into his favorite brogue. "Och, do ye remember the dancing at Ronantown, and Teddy MacMorna—the rogue!"

"Oh, don't talk of it, Pat," I cry, "my feet begin to dance at the very name of Teddy MacMorna," and I give a sigh to the memory of that fascinating but impecunious youth, as I take up a pen and slowly inscribe date and address on a sheet of paper.

"Dear Mrs. Watson," then I look round at my family. They have made me desperate and left me but one course open.

"Mother," I cry, laying down my pen, "you will be shocked, I know, but I want to go to this party. I want to go dreadfully!"

"My dear," says my mother, distressed, "I confess you surprise me. I do not think you would enjoy yourself among those people. And it would not be just to them."

"But, mother, it is not a little matter, so unimportant one way or the other. It is such a long time since I have danced, I think I have forgotten how to dance."

"If you will only have a little patience, Griselda, you will have as much dancing as even you can desire."

"I cannot imagine, Griselda," says my sister, "how you can for a moment wish to go."

"I confess," I answer, "that I am a little surprised at my own depravity. But, Katie, think of waltzing, of waltzing to real music, on a real floor."

"With a partner who will shovel you out your money at the bank the next morning, or bring you a mustard poultice when you have a cold. I cannot say that the notion dazzles me."

"It is not much money they will shovel out to me! And you know I never catch cold, Katie."

During this discussion Patrick has remained silent, but he comes suddenly forward and flings himself into the breach.

"Let her go, mother," he says. "By

the time we are in London she may be forty and have the gout. No one can dance with the gout." Whether it is Patrick's advocacy or my mother's tenderheartedness that pleads for me, I know not. I only know that in a few minutes more she has yielded, and I have gained my point. "Patrick," I say, the note of acceptance being written, "let us go out and post it before tea."

Pat gives a yawn and nods an affirmative to my invitation, and in a few minutes he and I are speeding through the damp, dismal streets of the dismal little town. We go up the high street to the postoffice, past Boulter's Bank with the lighted plate-glass windows, and pause at the grocer's to buy a pot of jam, which I manage to conceal under my cloak.

"Patrick," I say, "I wish mamma and Katie would take another view of my teaching the Watson family. And I wish it were possible to tell Goll. I hate secrets, especially from him."

"He is a good fellow," answers Pat, "with not an atom of the elder brother about him. He never wants anything for himself, and of course he expects us to respect his prejudices."

We walk on a little in silence; then he bursts out again with some impatience, —

"It's a shame you should have all the work, Grizel, it is indeed! You know, when I saw there was no immediate prospect of Sandhurst, I wanted to try emigration, the backwoods, or the gold-fields, or something of the sort. But Goll said, wait, and he pointed out that mother and you girls could not be left alone. I will wait another six months, Grizel, and if nothing is settled, I shall get Uncle Fitz to pay my passage to America."

"You might get work at home, Pat."

"It would be more difficult. I'm not much of a hand at anything but riding and shooting and dancing — at using my legs and arms, in short, and not my brains. My sort of talents pay better abroad than at home, I believe. It's *you* have all the cleverness, Grizel."

"Oh, Pat," I say, "I am not clever at all. How can I help knowing French when I have had Antoinette to dress me all my life? And is it any credit to a MacRonan if he or she knows more about music than most people? I think we are all born *singing*. And music and French are my only accomplishments."

"Yes, you do know how to sing," says Pat with condescension; "and I suppose to-morrow night you will be expected to sing for your supper like the young man

in the nursery rhyme, whose enforced celibacy has so often moved me to tears:

Little Tommy Tucker sings for his supper; . . .  
How shall he cut it without e'er a knife?  
How shall he marry without e'er a wife?"

"How shall she marry without e'er a husband?' ought to be the modern version, in these days of surplus female population," I say feelingly; "but, Pat, do you think the Watsons will expect me to sing to-morrow?"

"Haven't a doubt! I say, Grizel, you ought to be grateful to me. I almost wish I were going myself; though, to be sure, there's not a pretty girl in Welby, excepting Katherine and — well, perhaps Katherine's sister."

"Do you really think me pretty, Pat?" I say anxiously, for this has always been a doubtful point in our family.

"You're not like Katherine certainly," Pat answers judiciously. "No one would think of wanting to model your head as that English lord did Katie's at Dublin. But there's something rather pleasing about you on the whole. I like the way your dimples dance about, and your hair curls round your forehead, and your eyes shine; I think I may say without flattery, my dear Grizel, that your eyes are the crown and glory of the MacRonan family."

"Oh Pat!" I cry, overwhelmed, and nearly dropping my jam-pot. "It is such a long time since any one has said anything nice to me! If I were not afraid of attracting undue attention, I should give you a kiss this very moment!"

## CHAPTER II.

### A WELBY FESTIVAL.

It is New Year's eve; a clear, cold night. The Honorable Griselda MacRonan is engaged in adorning her youthful person with such garments of festival as her scanty resources afford. Her fingers are rather stiff, for there is no fire in the small grate; moreover the cracked looking-glass on the wall is both so minute and so misleading as to be a hindrance rather than a help to successful hair-dressing; add to these discomforts the absence of a maid, and insufficient light, and no wonder the business of the toilet proceeds neither quickly nor satisfactorily.

"I am coming, Pat; don't be impatient, there's a dear boy," I cry, wrestling with that rebellious, dusky Irish hair of mine with both hands, and squinting to obtain a view of myself in the mirror which

presents me with a pleasing image of a young woman with lop-sided cheeks, and a twisted mouth. "I am sorry to keep you waiting."

The door opens, and Katherine comes in.

"Why didn't you ask me to help you, you silly child?" she said rather sadly. "I did not even know you had gone up to dress."

"I did not think you would wish to come, Katie."

"I think you are unwise to go; but I would sooner you did not look a little fright, as you are going," she answers, while her clever fingers twist up the abundant hair, and adjust the white tarlatan gown, which is more crumpled than I had realized.

I give Katherine a kiss of silent gratitude and put my arm round her waist as we go down the little staircase together.

"She thought to break the Welby hearts  
For pastime e'er she went to town!"

cries Pat as we enter the sitting-room.

"Don't be silly, Pat. Seriously, do I look a fright?"

"The gown isn't much, to be sure," answers Pat candidly; "but you don't look half bad, and your eyes are shining like — like the fifth of November."

"Good-night, mother," I cry, kissing her; "don't look distressed, please don't, or I shall feel remorseful. I shall be like Jane Eyre, you know — without Rochester."

"I should hope so!" says my mother with a shudder. "Oh, my dear, I hope I am not doing wrong in letting you go."

The Watsons' big white villa is a blaze of light as our fly makes its slow way up the carriage drive. The French windows of the drawing-room are shut fast, but a confused sound of music and merriment has struggled out into the chilly garden, where a little crowd of shabby people stands gazing intently at the unshuttered windows.

The Watsons are important people in Welby, for, together with their cousin, Mr. Fairfax, they represent the "Co." of Boulter's Bank in the High Street, and from time immemorial "Boulter's," I hear, has taken the lead of Welby society.

"Don't be late, Pat," I say with some trepidation as the plate-glass panelled door is flung open. "I promise not to keep you waiting a moment."

Pat gives my hand a sympathetic squeeze, and I step into the gaily paved,

gas-lit hall. Little Charlotte, my pupil, comes running in while I am removing my clock in the schoolroom — converted for the evening into a dressing-room. She wears an aggressively stiff white frock, with pink ribbons, and pink ribbons adorn her elaborately crimped hair; she brings in with her an overpowering odor of patchouli scent, and carries a smart fan in her little gloved hand.

"Oh, Miss MacRonan," she cries, dancing about on the toes of her bronze boots, "it's such a grand party — fifty ladies and gentlemen; I heard mamma telling Cousin Jack."

She skips across the room, then comes back to the toilet-table, where I am smoothing out the crumpled folds of my gown before the mirror.

"You have a white frock too, Miss MacRonan. Don't you wish you had some pink ribbons?"

"I wish you wouldn't make the candles flicker so," I say, regarding the poor tarlatan with some dismay.

"I think you're pretty, Miss MacRonan," announces my pupil with magnificence. "Margaret doesn't, nor mamma, but I do."

I begin to laugh, and forget all about my gown in a sudden sense of the ludicrousness of the situation.

The door is pushed open, and Jo, my other pupil, rushes in, in all the glory of a black velveteen suit and white kid gloves.

"Come along, Miss MacRonan," he cries, seizing my hand in its long Swedish glove. "Aren't you glad you've come to our party?"

Charlotte takes possession of my other hand, and thus, unannounced, between the two children I am led to the scene of action.

Miss Watson comes across the room on her high heels as I enter, and greets me with infinite condescension. Her short, wide skirts of pale silk, her bright velvet bodice, are redolent of that same sickly perfume with which her younger sister has made fragrant her small person. A knot of wired roses and maiden-hair fern is fastened under her ear; she carries a huge black fan in her mittened hand.

"We are going to dance," she says; "every one has paired off. I will introduce some gentlemen later on. Lottie, find Miss MacRonan a seat."

With a sinking heart I survey the scene before me. Gas, gas: that is my first impression — any amount of gas flaring hard, in the big central chandelier, in

the gilt branches that project on all sides from the walls; filling the room with a horrible, stifling heat, casting unnatural radiance on the grass-green carpet, guiltless of drugget, on which the dancers are disporting themselves. In one corner of the room stands a rosewood piano, on which Mrs. Watson is performing a remarkably deliberate polka, beating time with her great, smart head, and lifting her jewelled fingers very high in the air. Various groups of middle-aged people adorn the walls, and with few exceptions they also are smilingly beating time to the inspiring strains. But it is on the dancers that my attention is chiefly concentrated. Two dozen short-skirted, perfumed young women, a dozen warm young men in ill-made dress-coats, are gravely careering up and down the green carpet, endeavoring to keep time to the timeless music. In consequence of the overwhelming female majority, many of the young ladies are dancing with one another, making valiant efforts to look as if they enjoyed it.

With a sudden rush of memory, that brings the tears to my eyes, I am back in the old hall at Ronantown. I see the great, shadowy room, with the oak-panell walls, the well-worn oaken floor, the dim light shed by the sparse candles in their big silver sconces. I see Katharine and the MacMorna girls in their simple, shabby, graceful gowns; I see Patrick and Teddy MacMorna light-footed, light-hearted, slim and cool; I see Goll, his handsome face aglow, as his white hands fly over the key-board, and the bitter-sweet waltz music rolls forth to lose itself in the echoes of the high roof.

"They were right," I think with a great sigh; "I ought not to have come."

The linked sweetness of Mrs. Watson's polka has at length drawn itself out. The good-natured musician has risen and made her way to the middle of the room. "Ladies and gentlemen," she announces in her loud voice, "if you will be so good as to step into the next room you will find some refreshment waiting for you. Margaret, lead the way."

"Pink ices," cries Jo very audibly, addressing himself to Charlotte, but making this announcement for the general benefit; "and wafers, and punch!"

There is a movement towards the door. From my corner I watch the couples streaming out in the direction of the promised land; I recognize the two Miss Boulters, the acknowledged queens of Welby society, each of whom has managed to secure a cavalier for escort; Margaret

Watson flounces by with young Boulter, a stout, florid youth with an insinuating eye; Jo and Charlotte strut out together arm in arm with a funny imitation of their elders. And little Jane Eyre sits unnoticed in her corner, with — shall it be owned? — a certain sense of mortification and indignation in her breast.

"You will be a little humbler after this, Griselda MacRonan," I say to myself; "you will begin to recognize that there is considerable difference between Lord Goll's sister and a shabby little governess in an old-gown. Pshaw! I shall be growing cynical next, and I have always hated cynics."

"Miss MacRonan," says a kind voice, "won't you come into the next room and have some refreshment?"

A pair of gentle brown eyes are looking down at me from a gentle, brown-bearded face; an attractive face, though it is neither very young nor very handsome. Its owner is Mr. Fairfax, of the bank, the children's Cousin Jack. We have never been introduced to one another, but I have seen him several times at the villa, where he is a great favorite with my small pupils.

"Yes, please," I say, in answer to his little question, and feeling quite grateful as I take the arm he rather awkwardly offers. It would be impossible to resent the small infringement of etiquette on the part of this respectful and fatherly person; is he not Mr. Fairfax, of the bank, and I his cousin's unknown Irish governess?

"What can I get you?" asks Mr. Fairfax gravely, when he has carefully piloted me to a seat in the next room. I have already found out that he is a man of action rather than of words, but there is something soothing in his silent services.

"I will have an ice, please," I say. "I have a faint hope that it will make me a little cooler; only a very faint one."

He smiles, amused, as though I had said something witty, and goes off to do my bidding.

"You have not been long in Welby, I think?" he says, as I eat my ice with a despairing sense of growing hotter every moment. It is about the first independent remark he has offered for the last five minutes.

"Six months. I am beginning to get tired of Welby; six months is such a long time."

"Oh, a very long time! Miss MacRonan, I often see you pass my window in the morning."

"I am very punctual, am I not?" I say. "Punctuality is the one virtue on which I pride myself. Ask Jo and Charlotte."

"Who's talking about me?" breaks in a shrill, excited voice. "I say, Miss MacRonan, don't go telling tales! Cousin Jack, would you like to be a fool? Here's a jolly fool's-cap for you!" A small velvet-teen form has mounted the chair near which Mr. Fairfax is standing, and in another instant two dirty little gloved hands have placed a disreputable tissue adornment on the respectable brown head of my escort.

Cousin Jack absolutely blushes, and glances at me with a look of entreaty, as he removes the undignified head-gear, and administers a mild rebuke to the offender.

Miss Watson comes up to me as I re-enter the drawing-room, and asks me to sing. I remember Pat's warning, and my heart sinks. Sing! Before these people, in this glaring room, at that jingling piano! It is evident, however, that a refusal is not expected of me; and accepting the situation with my usual philosophy, I draw off my gloves, and sit down to the instrument.

"I will give them something they can understand," I say to myself, and launch into "The Last Rose of Summer." The dear old song! It has carried me away from the vulgar villa, from Welby. I am back at Ronantown. Goll is playing the accompaniment, and Teddy MacMorna is turning over the leaves. The candles flicker in their silver sockets; the firelight dances on the dim old walls.

"Bravo! bravo! encore!" My song has come to an end, and with it my reverie. A dozen voices are clamoring praise, a dozen people crowding round me. I look up, and my glance meets two kind, brown eyes.

"Thank you," says Cousin Jack very simply. I have no reason now to complain of being overlooked, and with the usual feminine "contrariness," begin to sigh for my former obscurity. I do not like these familiar, eager people, who are demanding introductions, or dispensing altogether with such an insignificant formality. I do not like their jokes, their criticisms, worst of all their flattery. I wish that nice, awkward Mr. Fairfax would come to my rescue, but he only stands on the outskirts of my little circle, looking very grave, and never exerting himself to offer a remark.

"Now I call your singing A 1," says young Boulter, looking at me from the corners of his eyes; "quite another mat-

ter, between you and me, to our friend Miss Margaret's."

Is it possible, or does there lurk in his eye what only requires a little encouragement to develop into a wink? It is needless to add that this encouragement is not forthcoming.

"I do a little in the singing line myself," he continues, unabashed, "and I do assure you I haven't half your nerve. I always say there's only two occasions when a man feels funky; that's one. Do you know when the other is?"

"It would be interesting to learn," I say, looking my companion straight in the face.

"When a gentleman pops the question to a lady — eh?"

A little pause; Mr. Boulter is vaguely aware that his sally is not a success, and I am secretly conscious of victory. But I am not elated. Looking round, I perceive that the other people have dropped off, and that Mr. Boulter and I are standing together by the piano. A sense of shame rushes over me, and it is with genuine delight that I observe Cousin Jack making his way towards me with an elderly lady on his arm.

"My sister wants very much to know you," he says abruptly.

Miss Fairfax is a squarely built woman of middle age, with a kind, homely face, and a quiet manner. She is simply but richly dressed in a black silk gown, with a gold chain round her neck, and a big brooch fastening her lace collar. She holds out her hand and smiles at me with her brown eyes, which are like her brother's.

"My dear, you have given us such a great treat," she says.

"I am so glad you liked the song, Miss Fairfax."

"You sing beautifully, Miss MacRonan, and you are not ashamed to sing in your own language. We ignorant people who do not understand Italian are grateful to you for that."

"Ashamed of the dear Irish song! That would be impossible for an Irish-woman," I say, laughing.

"I wonder if you would think it worth your while to come and see a lonely old woman, Miss MacRonan?"

I think of Goll, of Katherine. Surely even they could have no objection to my responding to the kindness of this gentle old lady. "I should be very pleased to come," I say promptly, "and to sing to you if you would care to hear me."

"Will you drink tea with me to-morrow,



Miss MacRonan, at five o'clock? I live at number fourteen in the high street, next door to the bank."

Scarcely have I accepted this invitation, when Margaret Watson comes up and says, not very amiably, "Can you play dance music, Miss MacRonan?"

"Yes, I can," I answer with alacrity, for the prospect of dancing with Mr. Boulter and his friends is not an inviting one, and in a few minutes more Jane Eyre is at the piano, obediently dashing her way through the "Starlight" waltzes, the "Bric à Brac" polka, and the "Patience" quadrilles; resisting all entreaties on the part of the men to join in the dancing.

"Supper, supper!" announces Mrs. Watson as the "grand chain" is brought to a close. "Gentlemen, choose your partners for supper. It is quite ready."

To my horror and surprise, the thick-skinned Boulter makes his way in my direction.

Fortunately, however, Mrs. Watson arrests him ere he reaches the piano.

"I haven't forgotten you, Mr. Boulter," she says confidentially. "Lobster salad—such a beautiful lobster salad!"

He touches his forehead jocosely with his forefinger. "Thank you, marm! I'm off to find a fair lady to eat it with."

But he is too late, and only escapes from his hostess's clutches to see his victim disappear into the dining-room on the arm of Mr. Fairfax.

Supper is a saturnalia of which I only carry away the vaguest recollection. Mrs. Watson sits at the head of the great table struggling with a turkey, while her lord and master dispenses lobster salad from opposite. There is a great deal of gas, a great deal of laughter, and a great deal of champagne with the label of the Welby grocer on the bottles. My escort is silent but active, and supplies not only myself, but half-a-dozen cavalierless young women, with good things. Somebody makes a speech about the new year, and somebody else responds. There is a general assumption of paper caps from the costume crackers, and healths are drunk freely in the doubtful champagne.

The maidservant's confidential announcement that there is a young gentleman waiting for me in the hall falls upon my ear as the gladdest of glad tidings, and I make my escape while the others are in the full tide of feasting.

"Well?" says Pat, drawing up the window of the fly, as we go down the drive.

"Pat, they were quite right—I ought not to have gone. It was horrid!"

"And who was the fellow who brought you across the hall?"

"Mr. Fairfax, at the bank. He was very kind."

"Oh, I remember him now," says Patrick; "I saw him there when I went to draw the quarterly instalment of our princely income."

### CHAPTER III.

#### NUMBER FOURTEEN, HIGH STREET.

I ENLIVEN the family breakfast-table next morning with a vivid account of last night's festivity. In consideration of my mother's feelings I omit the incident of Mr. Boulter; but I carefully describe the costumes and customs of the company, and rehearse Mrs. Watson's polka on the tablecloth till even Katherine cannot refrain from smiling. Only my mother looks grave and troubled. "My dear," she says at last in her gentle voice, "is it kind, is it dignified, to make fun of these poor people, who, after all, offered you the best they had?"

"Mother," I cry, blushing scarlet, "you are quite right. I ought to be ashamed of myself; I *am* ashamed of myself! Pat, leave off laughing; don't you see how unutterably mean it is to make a joke of these people's hospitality?"

My mother looks very grave when I tell her of Miss Fairfax's invitation and my own acceptance of it. "It would have been impossible to refuse without being ungracious," I protest; "and I am not sure that I wished to refuse."

"By your own showing, Griselda, these people are not fit associates for you."

"The Fairfaxes are different, mother. They are not bad imitations of smart folk, like the rest. They are just simple and natural."

"It is a great responsibility for me, Griselda."

"Dear mother," I cry with some remorse, "am I such a rebel, such a dangerous character? I think I am as proud as any of you, if not quite as fastidious; can you not trust me? Only do not ask me to hurt the feelings of a gentle old lady who has shown me kindness."

And my mother's objections are silenced.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, Patrick walks with me up the high street and leaves me at the door of number fourteen, which stands directly on the left of Boulter's bank.

It is a square, sober, Georgian house, with a square brown door, raised from

the street by a single shallow step. A neat maid admits me into the cosy, lamp-lit hall, and leads me across it to the sitting-room.

Miss Fairfax rises as I enter, and gives me cordial welcome. "It is very kind of a young thing like you to take pity on an old woman," she says. I cannot but admire the kindly tact which is so anxious to make the little governess ignore all difference between herself and the prosperous banker's sister.

The room, like the rest of the house, presents an air of solid, unobtrusive comfort which is wholly strange to me. It is an example, I suppose, of that English middle-class prosperity of which I have heard so much and seen nothing at all. The great mahogany sideboards are polished like mirrors; the steel fender and fire-irons shine as bright as silver; a big clock ticks on the mantelshelf, and above it hangs an oil-painting of a brown-eyed old woman in a Quaker cap.

"That is a portrait of my mother," says Miss Fairfax. "She belonged to the Society of Friends, but my brother and I were brought up as Congregationalists."

I am not much the wiser for this explanation, but I receive it respectfully. Talk flows on gently after this. Miss Fairfax is not a brilliant or fluent talker—she retails no spicy gossip, she asks no questions; but she says nothing but what is kindly; there is something inexpressibly soothing in her whole attitude. At my own suggestion, I go over to the little piano and sing three or four songs, the Irish, Scotch, and English ballads for which she has expressed a preference.

Cousin Jack comes in while I am singing and stations himself by the piano. His every-day coat suits him far better than the country-made dress-clothes of the previous night. He looks almost good-looking as, the music having ceased, he sits by the fireside, and the ruddy light plays over his brown beard, and blunt, straight features.

Tea is a solemn, solid performance, quite different from the trifling, informal affair with which one usually connects five o'clock. A white cloth is spread on the mahogany table; the neat maid adorns it further with plates of cake and bread and butter; with glass jars of preserve; with an old-fashioned tea-service and an impressive silver teapot. We all take our seats at the abundant board, and the feast is treated with the observance due to a "square meal."

Mr. Fairfax is rather silent, but is kind

enough to greet with a smile the mildest and most trivial attempts at sprightliness on my part. Miss Fairfax beams on us from behind her teapot.

After tea Cousin Jack leads me round the room, displaying his little treasure of china, and the few pictures which adorn the wall.

"Oh, how delightful!" I cry, stopping short before a big wire-covered bookcase standing in a deep recess. "Mr. Fairfax, it is so long since I have seen any books, excepting Blair's 'Grave' and 'The Course of Time;' may I look through these?"

Cousin Jack, with his slow smile, unlocks the bookcase, and says: "Perhaps you would care to borrow some of them. I should be very pleased if you would. I don't know if there is anything there likely to interest you."

They are nice, old-fashioned books, well-bound and carefully kept. I pick out a tall, grey copy of Lamb's essays, and an early edition of Miss Burney's "Evelina."

"Will you lend me these?" I say.

"With pleasure. I see you have chosen 'Elia.' It is a great favorite of mine."

"Charles Lamb is an old dear!"

"I quite agree with you. Sometimes when I come in here tired out from business, I find nothing rests me so much as a little chat with my old friend in the bookcase."

"We are not a very reading family," I say; "at least, I am fond of books, and so is G——, my eldest brother." I grow red and confused at thought of the incautious remark which I have nearly let slip. A sudden look of grave and puzzled questioning comes into the brown eyes at sight of my scarlet cheeks and lifted eyebrows.

"No, we don't care for books as a family," I go on recklessly; "we are musical or nothing. And we can all dance. Perhaps you don't consider that a very valuable accomplishment?"

"I know very little about dancing, Miss MacRonan."

At this point the clock on the mantelpiece gives seven distinct strokes, and I start in some dismay at the sound.

"Oh, it is seven o'clock, Miss Fairfax," I cry, going over to my hostess; "they will be expecting me at home. I half expected my brother to call for me, but I think he cannot be coming."

"I wish you could have stayed later," says Miss Fairfax, rising, and helping me on with my hat and cloak, which I have previously removed; "but I suppose we

must not detain you. I hope you will come very soon and very often."

"May I? It has been delightful!" I say, stooping to receive the little abrupt kiss she half shyly bestows on me.

Cousin Jack follows me into the passage, takes his hat, opens the door, and steps with me into the street.

"Mr. Fairfax," I protest, "please don't trouble to come with me. It is quite a little way." (Why, oh why, has Patrick omitted to fetch me?)

"It is dark," he answers quietly, and possessing himself of the books in my hand. "It isn't fit for you to walk up the high street alone."

We walk along almost in silence. I feel a little offended and a little frightened. There is something rather interesting in the situation. Cousin Jack gives me one of his slow smiles, and hands me back the books as we part at the door of my lodgings. I do not "ask him in," nor does he seem to expect it; no doubt he is aware that the run of Eden Street apartments are not suitable for the reception of visitors of his importance.

I meet Patrick on the stairs, evidently in a tremendous hurry.

"It's never you, Grizel, come home by yourself at this time of night!" he exclaims, peering at me in the paraffin-laden gloom.

"Mr. Fairfax brought me home."

Pat whistles. "Why on earth couldn't you wait for me, Griselda?"

"Why on earth couldn't you come in decent time?" I retort; "I had been there long enough for a first visit. I didn't know when you might take it into your head to put in an appearance."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A TELEGRAM.

THE weary winter days go on; there is only a week of February left.

Goll's letters are short, uncertain, vague, indefinitely anxious and reserved. That a decision of some sort must shortly be arrived at, he does not seem to doubt; it is only that he has ceased to express himself with the old confidence as to the probable nature of that decision.

"Griselda," says Katherine one afternoon as I am drawing on my gloves in our joint bedroom, "how can you be so cheerful? I sometimes think you ought not to be so cheerful."

"Oh, Katherine," I cry remorsefully, "do you think I am not sorry for you all?"

"It is your own affair as much as ours, poor little Grizel."

"Ah, but I have my work. You can have no idea what a consolation it is! I am afraid it makes me appear unfeeling."

"This dreadful suspense!" says poor Katherine, pacing the squalid room. "Griselda, how can you bear it?"

"I put it out of my head, Katherine."

"You put it out of your head?" cries my sister; "you are a wonderful philosopher for your time of life!"

"Katie," I say impetuously, "I hate to think of it. I never think of it when I can help. It hurts my pride to feel that everything depends on a mere turning up of the cards. We can do something ourselves with our own lives."

Katherine looks at me with her sad, beautiful eyes. "Grizel," she says, "I believe you are a good girl—I am sure you are a brave one. But you are very young. I am not old myself, you will say; but I know that fighting with fate, as you would put it, is a hard battle; that the victory is very uncertain."

"Is any fight worth fighting which is not hard, or where victory is certain, Katherine?"

"Oh, Grizel, you are a child! You cannot understand," cries my sister, resuming her march up and down the room; a tall, slender figure, which even the shabby gown and sordid surroundings cannot deprive of its queenly grace.

I go down-stairs very sorrowfully, and make my way into the street with a guilty sense of pleasant expectation which it is impossible entirely to repress. Why will one part of my heart persist in feeling happy while the other is aching for my people with all its might? Goll may lose his suit, we may all be reduced to beggary, but the sun will shine as brightly as ever, the first pulses of spring will not cease to beat in one's blood; kind voices will cheer us with friendly words, kind eyes will continue to smile upon us; there will be many things worth living for left in the world. To-night I am going to tea with the Fairfaxes. It is tacitly understood among us that I shall accept Miss Fairfax's invitations without scruple. I have passed many happy, peaceful hours in the cozy, firelit parlor in the high street, and have grown to regard the brother and sister in the light of friends. On their part they are perfectly kind and natural, and accept without comment the strict reserve which, alas! I am obliged to maintain with regard to my circumstances and family. I pass a delightful evening with my

friends, and at nine o'clock Cousin Jack walks home with me as usual.

"If I believed in presentiments," I observe, as we go up the street, "I should say something was about to happen."

"But don't believe in them," he answers; "things are very well as they are. 'No news is good news,' is it not?"

"I am a Kelt, Mr. Fairfax, and even in the nineteenth century we Kelts cling to our superstitions."

"Have you seen a — a banshee, Miss MacRonan? That's good Irish, isn't it?"

I laugh with open scorn. "One doesn't see banshees, Mr. Fairfax; one hears them! They come wailing — wailing over marsh and moor on dark nights. Oh, it's enough to make your blood run cold! There's one at Ronantown, and sometimes —" I stop short and become violently interested in the red glass lamp of the Welby doctor's surgery.

"Good-night," says my escort presently, taking my hand and looking down at me with those kindly, half-humorous eyes of his; "and please don't have any more presentiments."

We are standing on the doorstep of my dwelling, and Cousin Jack begins to struggle with the ineffectual bell as he ceases speaking.

Mrs. Price greets me with some excitement as I enter the gloomy little hall.

"It came this very minute, miss," she says; "I was just about to take it up to your mamma."

"What is it, Mrs. Price?"

She lays her hand solemnly on my arm, leads me to the solitary paraffin lamp, and thrusts something thin and soft into my fingers.

A bit of yellow paper, a little envelope, a telegram addressed to "Mrs. MacRonan." In these days of frequent telegraphing that is not enough to fill any sensible mortal with alarm. Perhaps not; only something tells me that I hold our fate folded up in this harmless-looking missive. With a careless word to Mrs. Price I go slowly up-stairs; my heart beats with strange rapidity, my head is in a whirl; the dreary little group round the sitting-room fire exclaims with one voice on my entrance, —

"My dear Griselda, has anything happened?"

"Griselda, are you ill?"

"Have you seen a ghost, Grizel?"

"This will never do," I think, and answer with as much indifference as I am able: "I came up-stairs rather quickly. I am a little out of breath, that is all.

By-the-by, mother, this has just come for you."

My mother's face grows white to the lips; her hand trembles as she takes the telegram from mine and lays it down in silence on the table.

"I think it would be as well to open the telegram," cries Pat, with a fine assumption of masculine common sense, and laying his hand on Katherine's shoulder, who sits, white and motionless, bringing her needle repeatedly through the same point in her work.

"You had better open it, Patrick," says my mother, shading her eyes with her hand.

He breaks it open deliberately, extracts the scrap of pink, scrawled paper and proceeds to read aloud the message: —

"From Gerald MacRonan to Mrs. MacRonan, Eden Street, Welby.

"The verdict has just been given in our favor. Thank God, all is over. I shall be with you to-morrow at twelve o'clock."

Dead silence for a minute; the next, my mother is sobbing in Katherine's arms.

. . . . .

"I like old Goll's caution," cries Patrick, who is pacing the room with a radiant face and shining eyes. "It's a case of the ruling passion strong in death: 'Gerald MacRonan to Mrs. MacRonan'!"

"My dear boy," says my mother anxiously, "pray do not relax our caution. We shall only be here a few days longer, I suppose; there is no need to let any one into our secrets."

It is twelve o'clock, and though we usually go to our rooms as the clock strikes ten, to-night not one of us seems to have the remotest recollection of bed.

"Oh, mother," says Katherine, "I may say it now, may I not? I have hated it all so dreadfully."

"I will confess," answers my mother, with unusual emphasis, "that these last months have been to me a time of terrible unhappiness."

"Horrid little place!" cries Katherine, who looks ten times handsomer than she did this morning; "horrid street, horrid room, horrid magenta cloth and horsehair chairs!"

"This outburst is very unusual in a person of your staidness," remarks Patrick; and I feel bound to protest: "Poor little fright of a Welby! It's unkind to abuse it for what it can't help. I dare say it has its good points, if one only knew!"

"I believe Grizel has rather enjoyed

herself!" says Pat; "she always was fond of adventures."

"I hope you girls will be presented at an early drawing-room," says my mother; "I was eighteen when I was introduced."

"And we are quite *passées*, are we not, Katie? You are actually twenty-two and I am twenty," I answer flippantly.

"Girls are allowed to be older in these days," announces Pat; "Goll said so himself the last time he was here."

"I wonder where we shall live," says Katie, and my mother answers, "It is many years since I was in London; but Grosvenor Square always seemed to me the most charming place to live in."

"Of course we shall go to Ronantown for the hunting?" says Pat; "at least, when that wretch of a tenant has had his three years."

"Oh, for a 'real good' gallop," I remark sleepily, stretching my arms and giving a great yawn. "Good-night, mother; I hope this is not all a dream, but I feel by no means sure."

"Bird of ill-omen, cease thy croaking," cries Pat in his most wide-awake tone as I go from the room, candle in hand. But, in spite of that yawn, I am unable to sleep when I get to bed.

Is it that visions of the brilliant future are dancing before my dazzled imagination? Am I dreaming waking dreams of pearls and presentation gowns; of Grosvenor Square and Buckingham Palace; of dances in great houses with handsome, light-heeled partners?

Strange to say, I am thinking of none of these things. To say that I am thinking at all would be to give too definite a name to the vague mixture of regret and surprise which fills my breast; regret, for the life of labor and struggle, which already seems to lie far behind me; surprise, at my own sensations, at the recollection of the false ring in my own gaiety which has jarred upon me all the evening, though my family have seemed quite unaware of it.

The door opens and Katherine's entry puts an end to my reverie. Her face is flushed, her eyes are shining like sapphires; she steps with light, elastic tread, very different from the weary, lagging pace she has fallen into during these latter months.

She falls on her knees by the bedside, and bends her beautiful, glad face towards me.

"Grizel," she cries, "you have been braver than I. I have been a coward! I am ashamed of myself."

"It wasn't courage on my part, Kitty. It was simply that I never hated it as you did."

"Oh yes, I have hated it! It has hurt me and humbled me; sometimes I have wished to die."

"Poor Kitty! and now everything is turning out well, just like the events in a novel."

"Ah, but those events with which novelists chiefly occupy themselves are yet to come!"

This is very flippant indeed for Katherine, and I stare at her in astonishment before I turn round and go to sleep.

#### CHAPTER V.

#### COUSIN JACK.

WE are all restored to our sober senses the next morning, and take our seats at the breakfast-table with a subdued radiance, very different from the light-headed rapture of the previous evening.

"I am going to my work as usual," I announce, as I make my entrance on the cheerful scene; "I want to say good-bye to Jo and Charlotte. They are not very nice children, but I have a sort of liking for them."

"Goll will be here before you have returned," objects Katherine.

"I don't mean to hide anything from Goll. And it is more polite to explain to Mrs. Watson in person the reason of my abrupt departure."

"What are you going to tell her, Grizel?"

"I shall tell her that we are obliged suddenly to leave Welby."

"She will probably question you, after the manner of her kind."

"Oh, I will be very cautious, Katie; and then no more caution for the rest of one's life!"

I go down Eden Street; up the high street; past Boulter's Bank, where young Boulter throws me a nod, half-sulky, half-impertinent, from the doorstep; past number fourteen; and onwards to the villa.

Mrs. Watson is surprised and annoyed at my news; she considers she had a right to expect longer "notice." Am I aware that, in the eye of the law, I am not entitled to the fraction of my salary due to me? Do I know that it is only because of her clemency that I am destined to receive it? Can I not possibly manage to give Margaret Watson her singing-lesson this afternoon?

I submit to these remarks with a meek-



ness eminently becoming in a young governess, and promise to return at four o'clock for a final lesson with Miss Watson.

Patrick opens the door to me when I get home, and putting his arm round my waist, compels me to join him in a waltz across the impossible little passage.

"Pat," I cry breathlessly, "is he here?"

"He is," answers my brother, drawing me to a seat beside him on the bottom stair. "And I say, Grizel, he knows everything about you."

"I am so glad! And how did he take it?"

"For a moment his cheek blanched; his lip quivered. All the blood of all the MacRonans began to boil audibly in his veins. But fortunately the general good-humor has influenced even *his* frigid breast. I believe, my dear, you are to be forgiven."

We scamper up-stairs together and enter the sitting-room. I precipitate myself into the arms of a tall person, who steps forward to meet me.

"My dear, darling Goll!"

"Little rebel," he says, kissing me several times: then holding me from him and looking down at my face: "Strong-minded young woman, what have you to say for yourself? Well, you haven't spoiled your complexion, at any rate, which makes it comparatively easy to forgive you. Why, Grizel, you are prettier than ever!"

"And you — you are beautiful, Goll!"

"The MacRonan mutual-admiration society. Am I eligible as a member?" enquires Patrick with scorn.

"I shall certainly black-ball you," I cry, nodding at him from the shelter of Goll's strong arms.

Gerald MacRonan, Viscount Goll is, I firmly believe, the most beautiful person in the United Kingdom. As he stands there, tall and strong, in the little room, his incongruity with his surroundings comes out to a startling degree.

We all take our seats at the table. The extreme resources of Welby have been taxed to produce a luncheon worthy of our guest. There are roast chicken and early peas, a Périgord pie from the grocer's, and two bottles of champagne — not from the grocer's.

"Well, mother, what do you say to leaving this charming spot on Monday, the day after to-morrow?" asks Goll, who sits at the head of the table and carves with great splendor.

She turns her proud, glad eyes to his

face. "Just as you like, my dear boy. The question is, where are we to go?"

"We had better go straight to London. There is a furnished house to be had in Clarges Street which might do for the present. Lady Shannon told me of it. She kindly gave me permission to telegraph to her in the event of your consenting to take it. She will secure it and have it made ready."

"How exceedingly kind of Lady Shannon!"

"Every one has been remarkably kind," answers Goll, who has a fine unconsciousness of his own charms. "People from whom one had no right to expect it have shown us the greatest consideration. Then I may telegraph?"

"Certainly, my dear boy. The girls and I had better get everything in London."

"I shall at once seek the embrace of Mr. Smallpage," announces Pat; "I shall go straight from the station to his Temple of the Graces."

"Goll," I say, "are we very rich?"

He considers a moment. "In these days of Sir Georgius Midases I don't think we are what is called 'very rich.' We have the means, and more than the means, of living according to our position. Have you grown mercenary, Grizel?"

"Grizel is a socialist," cries Pat; "she would like to distribute the family funds among the deserving poor. She is a person of views."

Goll laughs. "Ah, London is the place for views. You will have plenty of opportunity for airing your theories, Grizel."

"And if one hasn't any theories to air? Katherine, just take away Pat's glass. The champagne is having a bad effect on his over-excited brain."

A chorus of protest greets me when I announce my intention of going to the Watsons' in the afternoon. "I feel that Mrs. Watson has been badly used," I say in explanation. "Clearly, I ought to have told her, when she engaged me, that my sudden departure was probable."

To my surprise, Goll is inclined to take my part. "There is something in what you say, Grizel. *Noblesse oblige*."

Miss Watson goes through her lesson rather sulkily, asks me a few pointed questions on the subject of my departure from Welby, and informs me that her mamma will see me in the morning-room. As I make my way across the hall a confused noise of merriment reaches me, from the direction of the schoolroom. The unmistakable shrill tones of Jo and Char-

lotte fall upon my ear, mingled with a fuller, deeper sound—the sound of a man's voice, of a voice that I know.

"Cousin Jack, Cousin Jack," is borne across to me, "swing me; it's my turn now, not Lottie's."

I turn the handle of the morning-room door and find myself in the presence of Mrs. Watson. When she has written me out my meagre little cheque (of which, by-the-by, I feel remarkably proud) she takes both my hands in hers, draws me towards her, and imprints a sounding kiss on my forehead. "Good-bye, my dear, and good luck go with you. We're all sorry to lose you; and I was a little short this morning, but naturally I was vexed at being left in the lurch as it were. However, I'm not saying it's your own fault, Miss MacRonan."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Watson. I shall often think of you all, and of Welby."

She goes with me into the hall, whither the children and Cousin Jack have migrated. Mr. Fairfax comes across and shakes hands with me, and the children fling themselves on me with expressions of farewell.

"Joey, open the door for your governess," says his mother. The child sets to struggling with the door-fastening.

"Never mind, Jo, I can do it myself," I say, in a voice full of suppressed indignation; there is a choking sensation in my throat, my eyes smart, my hands tremble. "To stand there like that, and never a word of farewell! Cousin Jack, are you no better than the rest of the world? You lazy, strong man, to let me struggle with this big, heavy door! Oh, I hope you are feeling ashamed!"

From the open door of the morning-room behind comes the very audible sound of Mrs. Watson's voice: "Ah, poor thing, it's a difficulty of some sort or other, I'll be bound. Jack, you mark my words, there is something fishy in that direction."

I shut the door and dash down the tall white steps into the dusky garden. Two great tears have forced themselves into my eyes, and are stealing slowly down my cheeks.

Down between the laurels I go, with a tread to which anger lends its buoyancy; my head held very high, my eyes very wide open. The big iron gates of the garden are closed. I stand fumbling vaguely with the heavy latch. Footsteps are coming down the gravel behind me—quick, firm footsteps; in another moment a voice is in my ear: "Miss MacRonan, allow me to help you."

We pass out together, in silence, on to the twilight road.

"Miss MacRonan, what is this I hear about you?"

"Ah, and what have you been hearing, Mr. Fairfax?"

"That you are going away!"

"It is certainly true. Will your sister be at home to-morrow afternoon?"

He does not answer. He stops short in the road and seizes both my hands in his. "Griselda, will you stop here with me?"

The blood rushes to my head; there is a loud singing in my ears, a mist before my eyes; my only answer is a little gasping sob.

"It isn't much I have to offer you, my dear. I am older than you, I am a dull fellow; but I will make you happy, I will make you happy, Griselda!"

He draws me towards him, closer, closer; the brown eyes look down into mine: "I will take such care of you, my darling; my brave little girl—"

Hitherto I have remained as one spell-bound; at these words a little sharp cry breaks from my lips. I struggle to free my hands from his. "Mr. Fairfax, pray, pray, do not!" The tears are streaming down my face; my hands tremble and flutter in his grasp.

"Griselda, I can't let you go!"

"Oh, it is impossible! You are asking what is impossible!"

"Griselda, I can't go away from you with that answer. Perhaps you don't love me well enough—I don't expect that. But you shall love me one day; you shall, indeed!"

"Mr. Fairfax, you don't understand. It is not a—personal matter with me!"

"Not a personal matter, Griselda?"

"There is a—family complication!"

To my great surprise he greets this solemn announcement with a short laugh. He lets go my hands, lays his own on my shoulders, and looks down at me with shining eyes.

"What has that to do with you and me, Griselda? We are not a family complication, you and I. I want you, Griselda, you, yourself. I shall always hold it the greatest honor, as well as the greatest happiness of my life, if you will come to me."

His hands drop to his side; his voice, which has vibrated as with a very passion of tenderness, dies away; we stand facing one another in silence. What can I say? What is there for me to say? This generous heart is offering everything—home,

shelter, a boundless treasure of love — to the little waif, the little lonely Irish girl; and she, forsooth, turns away in denial from the goodly gift!

A sudden pathetic, humorous sense of the ludicrousness of the situation comes over me; I begin to laugh hysterically.

"Griselda!" he cries, hurt, shocked, "is that all you have to say to me?"

In an instant I am sober again. "Mr. Fairfax, how can I ever thank you for your noble kindness, for your generosity? But I must not, I have no right to take what you offer. It would be wrong, wicked!"

A vision of Goll's angry, haughty face rises before me; another vision of those joyful faces round the fire in Eden Street. Is it for me to mar their long-deferred happiness?

"Griselda," cries Cousin Jack rather hoarsely, "can you expect me to accept such an answer? Say: 'Jack, I do not love you; I never can love you as long as I live; I do not want your love.'"

My heart beats wildly. Oh, what is this strange, keen joy stealing in upon the misery, the anguish, which fills my heart? "Mr. Fairfax," I say, trying to control my unsteady voice, "why do you want me to say things which would be cruel and — untrue? I love you, I shall always love you, as the kindest, truest friend a woman has ever had. And what you have said to me makes me very proud as well as very sorry." My voice dies away; I turn abruptly and set off walking down the lonely road. In an instant he is at my side.

"Griselda," he says in an altered voice, "am I too late? Is there some one who has already won this great happiness? Ah, I might have guessed!"

"Oh no, no! there is no one, no one at all!"

A longing to tell him everything, to repay his generosity with the honesty which at least is its due, comes over me. But the thought of Goll, of his injunctions, of his labor in our behalf, restrains me. I am torn in two.

"Mr. Fairfax," I cry, "be merciful! Don't ask me again. It is more than I can bear!"

"Can you give me no better answer, Griselda?"

"No, no. Oh, I know I must appear foolish, thoughtless. I know some explanation is due to you, but I can give you no explanation."

"Then I have asked for too much, Griselda. You will not trust me with your happiness?"

"I cannot."

We walk on in silence. I cannot see the kind, sad face in the gloom; but I know — ah, how well! — how it looks.

"Is this to be the last time!" he says as we stand together before the door of the house in Eden Street. By the light of the street lamp I can see his pale face as it bends over me; the hurt look in the beautiful eyes stabs my heart like a knife.

"May I come and see your sister to-morrow afternoon?"

"Come. I will leave you in peace, only let me say this: if, at any time, there is anything I can do to serve you, it will be my greatest happiness to do it. If you are in trouble, if you need help, there is always one person to whom you can apply. Griselda, there will be nothing too hard for me to do for you. Will you promise to ask me for help? Will you promise, Griselda?"

"I promise."

Without another word, we part. Like a person in a dream, I make my way upstairs to the landing, where Goll confronts me, pale and stern, outside the sitting-room door.

"Griselda," he says, "with whom were you talking outside the street door?"

"With Mr. Fairfax" (dreamily).

"And pray who may 'Mr. Fairfax' be?" (with cold contempt).

"He is a friend of mine."

"Then I presume he is a friend of your family?"

"He is my friend alone."

"You can have no friends who are not also those of your family."

I open the sitting room door and walk in. Goll follows me, his eyes blazing with anger.

"You have no right to walk about the public streets with a man who can be nothing more than a casual acquaintance, and your own inferior," he says stormily.

"My inferior!" I laugh a little. "Goll, I decline to argue this matter with you; you think perhaps you know a great deal about life, about the world; I say, you know nothing at all about human beings. And you to laugh at these provincials — hh, Goll, that is almost amusing!"

"Griselda," cries my poor mother, "surely you are forgetting yourself. Your brother has given you no cause to speak so to him."

"Mother," I answer, turning towards her, "why don't you speak; why don't you tell Goll the truth? Mr. Fairfax is my friend. Oh, I am proud of my friend! He has helped me through these dark

days with his kindness; it has been no secret, mother. Before we knew what was to happen, when things were beginning to look desperate, you were glad enough, all of you, yes, *glad* that I had found these kind people —”

“Griselda!” cries my brother, stepping forward and laying his strong hand across my wrists, “do you know what you are saying? Do you know what insults you are offering your mother?”

Our angry eyes flash to one another’s.

“Goll,” I cry, “it is your fault, yours. Let me go, let me go! You are hard, ungrateful! — and I had made this sacrifice for you —”

I do not know what I am saying; wrestling my hands from his grasp, I fly from the room, up the stairs, to the shelter of my little bare garret.

“Oh, Goll,” I sob, as I lie face downwards on the bed; “after what I have done for you, after what I have given up for your sake! Oh, Jack, my kind, noble, generous friend, I have hurt you, I have done you wrong. But you are not the only person who is hurt, who is wronged! Jack, my darling, I love you! I love you! I love you!”

#### CHAPTER VI.

“Very rich he is in virtues, very noble — noble certes,  
And I shall not blush in knowing that men call  
him lowly born.” E. B. BROWNING.

It is all over the place. How the secret has oozed out, nobody knows; whether through our own imprudence, or our landlady’s eavesdropping propensities, is uncertain. The pork-butcher next door touches his hat to Patrick and calls him “my lord,” to his immense delight; whenever one of us appears at the window, the little dressmaker opposite rushes to her wire blind and stares over it at the illustrious apparition. (Fortunately it is Sunday, and it is to be hoped that this “hindering of needle and thread” will not have any very serious consequences.) Mrs. Price curtsies deeply whenever she meets us on the stairs; Jane, the maid-of-all-work, eyes us open-mouthed, as she brings in the matutinal bacon. Pat, returning from an early stroll, reports the unmistakable signs of interest which have everywhere followed his usually obscure progress; he had never believed himself to be one of the people destined to wake and find themselves famous; henceforward he will put faith in Beaconsfield and the “unexpected.”

“It really is no joking matter,” frowns

Goll, who is deeply vexed. “This staying in Welby has been an unfortunate business from beginning to end. But I did not see, at the time, what other arrangement to make. All our choice lay in a choice of evils.”

As for me, I say nothing at all — I am in disgrace, and sit at Goll’s elbow with my eyes on my plate. Breakfast passes off rather gloomily. Reaction has set in after our previous course of high spirits, and we are beginning to realize that even £30,000 a year has its troubles. After breakfast I am taken solemnly aside and forgiven. I apologize to my mother, and Goll kisses me on my forehead, in a baptismal sort of way. Katherine and my mother decline to face the curious gaze of the Welby public, and Patrick announces his intention of taking what he calls a Sabbath holiday. So Goll and I set off together for church; I trotting along meekly enough at his side, with a lurking, ludicrous feminine sense that all the wrong has not lain in one direction in spite of that magnificent “forgiveness.”

All eyes are directed towards us, not only on our entrance, but also (alas for Welby piety!) throughout the service. Even my own insignificance fails to pass unnoticed, and Goll creates a positive furore among the feminine part of the congregation. I cannot help observing these things, for while my brother goes through the business of devotion with the solemnity and thoroughness which characterize his every action, I find it impossible to concentrate my attention on my Prayer-Book, and my heavy eyes stray aimlessly about the church from beginning to end of the service.

There is the usual smart, perfumed crowd at the door as we make our way from the church. I follow meekly in Goll’s stately footsteps, rather abashed by the extremely frank and unreserved staring to which we are subjected, and which my brother treats with the genuine indifference of ignorance. Margaret Watson gives me a nod, half-resentful, half-admiring; young Boulter, who is with her, grows red to the eyes, and raises his hat in a sheepish, grudging fashion, very different from his normal jauntiness.

Jo and Charlotte are to be heard from afar, loudly discussing what seems to be the all-important topic in Welby, though their small persons are not visible in the throng.

“Her brother’s a duke, and her mother’s a duchess!” proclaims Lottie.

"And she's a princess!" cries Jo.

"What nonsense! She's only a countess."

"She's a very grand person anyhow. Almost as grand as the queen."

I pass on beyond the sound of their voices. I do not even smile. I have no smiles left to-day, not even in the midst of so much which is absurd.

There is one thought buzzing in my brain, a little thought, but it leaves no room for any other; it has buzzed, buzzed all the morning "like brain-flies" — it never ceases for a moment.

"Does he know? What will he think?"

We are passing the Congregational chapel, which stands at the top of the high street, and the people are streaming out through the narrow entrance.

I can see Miss Fairfax's ugly bonnet and respectable black silk as they make their way through the crowd, and behind them comes a tall person in a tall hat — Cousin Jack, in all the ill-cut glory of his Sunday clothes.

Does he know? Something in the pale face tells me — yes.

What does he think? Ah, if I only knew!

"Hadrn't we better cross the road to make room for these good chapel-going folk?" says unconscious Goll with condescension.

"Oh, never mind," I answer hurriedly; too nervous to know what I am saying. Miss Fairfax has been detained on the doorstep by a friend; the two old ladies stand chatting amicably in the sunshine; Jack waits patiently by her side, looking in front of him gloomily enough. Across the heads of the little crowd our eyes have to meet. Only for an instant; the next I have turned away my face and am hurrying on with my brother.

I have cut Mr. Fairfax dead.

"Goll, Goll," I cry; "do you know what I have done?"

"What on earth is the matter with you, Griselda? Are you going into hysterics?"

"Goll — you saw that tall man, with the beard, and — the eyes!"

"He stared at us with more than the usual impudence — if that is the fellow you mean."

"It was Mr. Fairfax!"

"Indeed, Griselda."

"And — and I cut him dead!"

Goll gives vent to a few feeble generalities on the subject of my sex. "You may not be aware," he says with irony, "that, to a lady, there are medium courses open between cutting a man dead and

walking about the streets with him at night."

"Goll, it was all your fault!"

"Are you crying in the streets? Griselda," he goes on, suddenly changing his tone, "do you know what inference, what shocking inference, it is almost impossible not to draw from your conduct of to-day and of last night?"

"I don't know! I don't care! Let me go, Goll; don't hold my arm like that! What! You won't let me go?"

"I certainly should be sorry to detain you by force," he says, dropping my arm coldly. "Griselda, I am deeply shocked!"

But I do not heed him; I scarcely hear his voice; I am conscious of nothing but a pale face, and questioning brown eyes, an avenging phantom floating before my tear-dimmed vision.

Without a word I turn from my brother, and strike off in an opposite direction. He follows me, white and angry.

"Where are you going, Griselda?"

"Let me go, Goll; I am only going across the meadows. Let me be alone a little or I shall say things I shall be sorry for. I will be back by two o'clock."

Slowly, reluctantly, he turns away. I tear down the little narrow street with aimless haste, the little street which leads to the flat fields and dull-hued hedgerows which surround the town.

I sit down on a solitary stile, heedless of the cold wind, which blows my hair about and makes my nose red. The sense of discomfort consoles me; I feel it is no more than I deserve. Footsteps come up the path behind me — slow, sauntering footsteps; a few paces from the stile they come to a sudden stop.

I turn my head, and see — Mr. Fairfax. He is standing quite still. Our eyes, which are about on a level, meet in a long look.

"Mr. Fairfax," I say impotently.

He raises his hat and smiles faintly.

"Do you want to pass?" I say, with my head still turned towards him over my shoulder.

He swings himself over the stile, disregarding the aid of the step, and stands facing me.

"Miss MacRonan, I believe I have to congratulate you!"

"It would be more appropriate for you to box my ears!" I think; but I say: "What do you think of me, Mr. Fairfax? Do you know I cut you in the street just now?"

"Oh!" he says, with a little smile, "did you?"



I feel horribly, cruelly, and, I may add, deservedly snubbed; the blood rushes to my face.

"I didn't think very badly of you, Griselda. I — I understood that you might feel — afraid of me after what I said to you yesterday."

"We are like people talking in a different language," I think; "how could he ever understand my mean and base jargon!" A rush of love and yearning and regret comes over me. "Cousin Jack," I say (the sweet, childish name coming unbidden to my lips) — "Cousin Jack, will you marry me?"

He comes nearer and looks into my face. A strange mixture of wistful tenderness and humor lies in his eyes. "Oh no, Griselda," he says, and shakes his head, and smiles a little.

I get down from my stile and turn away from him.

"You — you are very cruel to me," I say in a choked voice; "do you like to make me ashamed? I know — I know that I am not worthy, that I never shall be; but yesterday —"

He takes my hands in his and makes me turn towards him; his eyes glow with a strange, wonderful light; his low voice vibrates with some deep and strange emotion.

"Griselda," he says, "my dear little girl, be reasonable. Yesterday and to-day are different, you know very well. What I offered you, I offered, God knows, with a whole heart. But I did not know — what I know now. My dearest, there lies a happy, beautiful life before you; I am glad that it should be so. And it has made me happier to have known you; you must look back without any sorrow or remorse on a friend who has loved you very dearly, and who does not want to be remembered in connection with unpleasant things."

"Mr. Fairfax, as you say, yesterday and to-day are different. Before you spoke to me I hardly knew what was in my heart; and when you spoke I was frightened and glad all at once. And then I thought of Goll, of my brother, of what he would say; for I love him very much, and he means to do the best for us all."

My voice breaks down; Jack's deep tones come across my quavering treble: "And you were right; you have duties, ties to think of."

"Mr. Fairfax, I have thought and thought since then. I have grown very wise since last night."

"Griselda!"

"Mr. Fairfax, are you sure that you meant what you said yesterday?"

"Oh, hush, Griselda!"

I go nearer to him and look up in his face.

"There is only one thing clear," I say; "this can have nothing to do with Goll. Cousin Jack, I love you."

The brown eyes meet mine; oh, who shall tell what unspeakable things are spoken in that long gaze?

"No," he says at length, very slowly, "it has nothing to do with Goll."

Then he takes me in his arms, and holds me close against his breast.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

It was a long time before poor Goll could reconcile himself to what had happened. Those were sad days enough — the days before my marriage. I think my mother ceased to regret my choice as she grew to know my dear Jack, but Katherine never got over the shock of (oh, irony!) my *mésalliance*.

After the first six months we left Welby for the sweet home in Berkshire, where we have since lived. Miss Fairfax lived with us till her death last autumn. Margaret Watson married young Boulter, and they have gone to live in the old house in the high street, much I believe to the former's disgust.

Katherine is a great lady now, and we pay one another short, uncomfortable duty visits at stated intervals. Pat runs down often to Berkshire and entertains us with accounts of his social triumphs and varied experiences. He is very fond of his small nephew, a young person who promises to be the image of his Uncle Goll, save for his great brown eyes. Uncle Goll himself pays us occasional visits. He leads an active political life, and his wife is the cleverest and most beautiful woman in London. He and Jack are quite fond of one another.

As for me, I wonder if a happier woman ever lived. I often marvel at the injustice of fate which has favored me so unduly.

It is Jack's birthday to-day; he is forty years old, and there are several grey hairs in his beard. I was twenty-five last winter. We are quite a middle-aged couple.

AMY LEVY.

From The Contemporary Review.  
LITERARY IMMORTALITY.

It is a commonplace of literature that the truly successful writer is he whose works *live*. "Popularity by itself," so it runs, "is no test of merit; the true test is lasting popularity. Works which are remembered when the authors have passed away, these are the works of sterling merit, and the great literary works are those which are not for an age, but for all time."

Now I can readily understand that works which are not really good will soon pass into oblivion. We know that fashion may give a momentary popularity to an affected style or a morbid vein of sentiment, but it is equally obvious that fashion has commonly but a short term. What is not so obvious is why sterling merit, or even great merit, should have the power of making a literary work immortal. For may not the most striking truths become trite after a certain time by repetition?

Some people seem to think that truth and simplicity, or, as they say, nature, is by itself sufficient to immortalize a writer. "The primal feelings of human nature are always the same; what comes from the heart will make its way unerringly to the heart." But why should men be at the pains to read what they have read perhaps a hundred times before, simply because it is naturally expressed? Some time ago an old acquaintance of mine, who had fallen into distressed circumstances, asked me to aid him in procuring admission for his poetry into some magazine. He sent me some specimens, and called my attention to one in particular, which he said he was sure I should admit to be true poetry. I was in despair. Yes, in a certain sense, it was true poetry; that is, it expressed genuine feeling in natural language, describing how the writer's mind was elevated and soothed when he looked up at the starry heavens. But what then? I felt sure that no editor would admit into his columns the truest poetry on a subject so utterly exhausted. Now by this time many subjects have been exhausted. *Omnia jam vulgata!* Goethe himself said he knew not what he should have done if he had been born in England, if he had grown up always aware of Shakespeare behind him, always aware that everything worthy to be said had been said already.

But will not this reflection, if we give way to it, carry us very far? If no writer can expect to live unless he have something which is and will always remain peculiar to himself, not to be found else-

where, who can be safe? Can there be such a thing as literary immortality? And indeed, when I find Southey or Macaulay speaking of their own works as likely to be read a thousand years hence, I confess I feel astonished at such a sanguine anticipation.

It strikes me that this easy way of speaking about literary immortality could never have grown up among us but for the influence of a certain obvious historic fact — namely, that a considerable number of writers actually have lived in memory two thousand years, and that these writers, though in general pure in style, are not in all cases of quite transcendent merit. I mean of course the Greek and Latin classics.

Livy has lived two thousand years; why should not Macaulay also expect to do so? Southey might fancy himself not inferior to Statius or Valerius Flaccus. Now these ancient classics are kept by our system of education always before our minds. The importance that is still assigned to them, the prodigious amount of industry that is still bestowed upon them after two thousand years, cannot escape us, and cannot fail to give rise to a theory, more or less unconscious and vague, of the fates that attend books, and of the immortality that awaits some books. We see a whole series of writers in the great times of Athens and Rome acquiring the rank of classics, rising above the fluctuations of fashion into a region of stability, translated to a sort of sky of posthumous fame. We see that no change of time affects them any longer. Why should not this happen again? Indeed, in modern Europe we see a phenomenon not wholly different. Modern Italy, France, England, and Germany have their classics, their series of consecrated writers, who are compared to the classics of Greece and Rome. This is why it seems not extravagant for a writer of the present day to look forward to a similar immortality, and to flatter himself with the hope that he too will be read two thousand years hence.

Now, if we reflect a moment we shall recognize that the analogy of Greece and Rome does not really hold. The posthumous fortune of the classics has been very special; it cannot be expected to befall the moderns. If they have maintained their ground, it has not been purely by merit, but by a series of very peculiar accidents, which are not likely to recur. I need not dwell upon these accidents, they are known to all of us: the confusion of languages in the later empire, the inroad

of barbarism, the decay of intelligence, which made men look back upon the age of the classics as a height from which the world had fallen.

See with what reverence Dante speaks of Statius. And my colleague, Professor Skeat, tells me that he continually detects the influence of Statius both in Boccaccio and Chaucer. Now, what great merit has Statius, that his influence should continue so potent twelve hundred years after his death? Well, those generations knew no Greek, and those who could not read of the Theban War in the Attic tragedians might naturally prize the Thebais. His immortality, in short, is an accident.

Thus by the decay and confusion of Europe the Latin classics were carried over the first thousand years. So much being gained, they acquired a new title to attention, for thereafter they appeared as monuments of an extinct civilization. If in the present day they are so interesting to students, this is partly because of the vast amount of history of all kinds which they hold in solution; it is not purely the result of their literary excellence.

Now no similar prospect lies before the writers of the modern world. It is not likely either that a long period of decay will set in, during which literary production will almost cease, or that a thousand years hence scholars will have to reconstruct with immense labor the lost history of our age from a few precious writings preserved in the ruins of the British Museum.

We may expect that literature will have a long continuous life, during which it will never sink below a certain level, will not be barbarized, or disabled by the want of a serviceable language, and in which the writings of each period will be preserved securely, since libraries will not be burned by Norsemen or Arabs. Now these are wholly different conditions from those which have conferred immortality upon the ancients. When Horace and Ovid predicted so confidently their own immortality, they perhaps saw that there was a barbaric world in Gaul, Spain, and Britain, where they could not but occupy the position of teachers, of "wells of Latin undefiled." What similar prospects has a modern writer? Each generation has now its own writers, and what a multitude of writers! We are abundantly supplied, so that we can occupy every vacant half-hour with some book which we never saw before, and which is expressly adapted to our circumstances. There is reading of every kind — reading for the invalid's

room, reading for convalescence, reading for journeys, long or short, reading for youth, for boyhood, for infancy, reading on great subjects and on small, reading in which great subjects are treated as if they were small, reading in which small subjects are treated as if they were great; and under all these heads an enormous over-supply. Against such an overwhelming competition of new books it is difficult to imagine how old books can bear up. At least, in no former age have candidates for a literary immortality been situated so disadvantageously.

It is to be remembered that of the innumerable new books a considerable number positively *must* be read, while we are under no compulsion to read an old favorite again for the tenth time. It is also to be considered that the average of books tends to improve, so that a man would by no means condemn his intellect to starvation who should resolve to read new books only, who should make a vow never to read any book twice. Moreover, in an age when knowledge increases rapidly, many new ideas are propounded, and the point of view changes fast, only a very original and peculiar vein of thought is likely to hold public attention long. That is, while new books gain, old books lose, in comparative worth.

But, it may be urged, after all, the Greek and Latin classics are not the only established classics. It can by no means be asserted in general that a decay of culture or a confusion of languages must take place before a series of authors can receive the sort of apotheosis we have described. The modern languages, too, have classics whose position is not less assured, and would be just as eminent if only they were admitted to the same place in education. In modern Europe languages have not fallen into decay, libraries have not often been destroyed, since the times of Dante or Shakespeare, and yet Dante and Shakespeare are revered in the same way as Æschylus or Virgil, and seem as little likely to be superseded by later rivals, or crowded out in the growing multitude of authors. And what Dante and Shakespeare achieved we may imagine that Goethe or Hugo will be seen to have achieved also when a few more centuries have passed.

I do not here call in question the possibility that once or twice in a century some author may appear so profoundly original that later times may cherish his works as inestimable and irreplaceable. I do not refer to supreme authors, whether ancient

or modern. Literary immortality of that sort must be considered by itself. It is when less exceptional authors are proclaimed, or proclaim themselves, immortal that I have my misgivings, when the ordinary man of letters, eminent perhaps in his generation, is described in obituary notices as having produced "perhaps two or three works that are likely to live," or when such a man, in reviewing his own career, says that "he is, indeed, conscious of many failures, but yet feels a modest confidence that posterity will place him in the rank which he feels he deserves." This is a view which is rendered tenable by the example of such ancients—not as Homer or Virgil—but as Tibullus or Statius. It is because writers of no pre-eminent genius have lived two thousand years that at the present time the successful writer of a season flatters himself with the prospect of writing for posterity.

Well, but cannot examples of this, too, be produced from modern times? In modern times, too, do not writers seem to live on from century to century, and to hold the rank of classics, who have little resemblance to Shakespeare or Dante, and a good deal of resemblance to the ordinary successful writer of a season? Every great European nation keeps quite a long list of its classical authors, which form an unbroken series, like the series of kings or presidents. To win a place by the aid of good luck in such a series may seem scarcely more a wild ambition in the ordinary man of letters than to become president is out of the reach of the ordinary American citizen. We call Addison and Johnson and Pope English classics. Their works are said to live; yet can we consider these works as so absolutely inimitable, unapproachable? May not a modest man of letters cherish the hope that, a hundred years hence, his essays or poems may have a position in English literature as established as "The Spectator" or "The Rambler" or the "Essay on Man"?

Hardly, as it seems to me. The conditions of literature are too much altered.

There is an age for each nation when its language has not yet been adapted to the purposes of literature. The different styles have not been distinguished. The words proper to prose and poetry, to business or conversation, or grave argument and philosophy, lie in a confused heap. This age must last till masterpieces appear which may serve as models in the different styles. In each language, therefore, the earliest masterpieces are of ex-

ceptional importance, and naturally hold a peculiar rank. The classics of the modern languages, under the Dantes and Shakespeares, are, for the most part, classics in this sense. They are peculiar, therefore, to the immaturity of the language. A time arrives when their function is exhausted. Addison taught us how to write easy prose, Johnson how to write weighty and dignified prose, Pope gave us the model of a certain kind of poetry. These writers, therefore, were for a long time justly called classics, because in their respective styles they led the way and furnished the models. Now, in the present period of the European languages, not much room is left for distinction of this particular kind. The work is done once for all, *πάντα δέδοσται, ἔχουσι δὲ πείρατα τέχνης*. And a modern writer might surpass Addison in ease, or Johnson in gravity, or Pope in the brilliancy of his couplets, without winning a rank in literature at all similar to that of Addison, Johnson, or Pope.

But further, classics of this kind, after having discharged a useful function for perhaps a century, are allowed to retain a conventional rank ever afterwards. They keep their title after they have retired from active work. There is such a thing as a classic emeritus. The present generation does not really use Addison as a model for prose, nor Pope for poetry. Their reign is over long since, like the reign of the Stuart dynasty. Yet they are still called classics, but the title is honorary or conventional. And from the habit of using the term in this secondary sense we gradually lose all clear perception of its meaning. On our long list of national classics we allow to appear, by the side of the two or three names which are truly immortal, not only a number of such retired classics, but also a good many who never had any real right to the title. Literary historians think it necessary to assign to each period its classic or classics, and to make out their list they are often driven to insert names of which nothing more can be said than that they were famous in their time. And then these names acquire an artificial importance through the industry of the literary historian, who classifies them, traces their succession, distinguishes their tendencies—in short, discusses them with laborious care. Where, as in Germany, the literary historian is very busy and does his work with conscientious thoroughness, he calls into existence in this manner a whole Valhalla of the illustrious obscure. What

volumes have commemorated the German classics from the Reformation to Lessing! For two centuries author succeeds author. Now it is Fischart, now Opitz, or Gryphius, or Hoffmannswaldau, or Gunther, or Brockes. The most ample justice is done to each, and the reader is left to discover by accident that of all these writers scarcely one is ever looked at by the Germans of the present day.

Surely, the breeze of modern competition will shake all these dead leaves from the wood of literature. As the demands of contemporary literature grow more importunate, and less time can be allowed to the so-called classics, we shall begin to call in question those honorary and complimentary titles. Literary immortality will begin to be defined more strictly. Only those authors will in the long run stand the fiery trial whom the world cannot do without. An author will only be said to live when influence really goes forth from him—this only will in the end pass for immortality; and the term will cease to be applied to the author who has merely been embalmed by literary historians.

What do I conclude? Is it that for the future there will be no more literary immortality? We might indeed almost fear that in the growing abundance of new books we may be driven to a sort of literary statute of limitations, by which only a fixed period of twenty or thirty years might be granted to the best authors. But I do not go this length. I believe that other palms will yet be won, that writers will still arise who will be read for a hundred years; as to a thousand I had rather not speak. The conclusion I would draw is rather this: Let every one who writes aim as high as possible; let him write to his ideal, and by all means let him treat with contempt the passing opinion of the day. But I would not have him write for posterity, or flatter himself that some future age will do him justice if his contemporaries neglect him. It may indeed prove so, but posterity is likely to be very busy; I doubt whether it will find the time for redressing any injustices that the present age may commit. Rather, I imagine, it will be so overburdened with good literature that it will be forced to lighten the ship, that it will have to consign deliberately to oblivion much that it might have desired to remember.

If we put aside the misleading analogy of the ancient classics we may form some conclusions, from what we already know of the posthumous fortune of modern

authors, as to the course which posterity is likely to take. What writers have already held their ground for a hundred or two hundred years? That is, observe well, with the general public. The question is not, what writers are discussed by literary historians, or may chance to be still consulted for their curiosity, for language interesting to philologists, or for the historical information they may furnish, or for their quaintness. The question is, what books older than a hundred years still appeal to us and affect us as if they had been written yesterday? What books still give us not merely pleasure, but such keen pleasure, that we would honestly, rather read them than we would read the books of the season? I find, for my own part, that a good many old books give me real pleasure—I mean, considered purely as literature—but that not many give me so much pleasure that I should prefer them to what is newer. I read many as historical documents, and many more partly as documents and partly as literature, but very few as literature solely. And so I am led to think that real literary immortality is exceedingly rare. I will illustrate what I mean by saying that from the Elizabethan age to the end of the seventeenth century almost the only English works which seem to me to enjoy immortality are Shakespeare's poems, Bacon's "Essays," and the "Pilgrim's Progress;" for these are the only works (except a few lyrics, such as some of Herrick's) which are still interesting purely as literature.

You will ask, perhaps, how about Dryden? Well, I do occasionally take down Dryden, but when I ask myself what interests me in "Absalom and Achitophel," I find that the interest is in a great degree historical, consisting in the glimpse the poem gives of a past phase of thought and politics. When I deduct this, there remains, no doubt, a certain modicum of interest which is purely literary; I admire the sprightliness of the style and versification. But I do not admire this *enough*. As pure literature, Dryden's works do not, to my mind, hold their own in the competition with the writers of the day.

What, in short, is literary immortality? A permanent claim upon the time of human beings. Now, the whole amount of time we can give to books is limited, and the number of authors who compete for a share of it is constantly increasing, while by far the largest half must always be reserved for contemporary literature. Surely, then, it is the height of presump-



tion when any writer short of a Shakespeare urges such a permanent claim. But another inference may be drawn — namely, that since it is a question of dividing a limited total into parts, the claim which is most likely to be allowed is that which asks for the smallest part. Experience confirms this. Some writers hold a secure literary immortality, because their writings are so small that they are never felt to be in the way. Such are Gray and Goldsmith. And many lyricists keep their names in perpetual memory by a few happy stanzas. Indeed, in lyric poetry there really is literary immortality. But room can rarely be found in Fame's conveyance for large works. Thus many persons who open Richardson are greatly struck by his genius; nevertheless, few of them read his works. The simple truth is that life is not long enough. However much I may admire George Eliot, I cannot imagine that a hundred years hence people will find time to read "Middlemarch;" at the utmost I can conceive that "Silas Marner" may survive. On the other hand, I find no difficulty in believing that much of Tennyson will be still as familiarly known then as it is now. Scarcely any long book really lives except "Don Quixote."

And among the many happy gifts of Shakespeare the most fortunate for his fame has been that prodigious condensation in which he excels all writers, and which enables him to put into the five acts of a play as much matter as serves other writers for the three volumes of a novel.

J. R. SEELEY.

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From The Nineteenth Century.  
JEAN-FRANCOIS MILLET.

TWELVE years have already passed away since Millet died. During that time his fame has been growing steadily. Step by step the ground has been won. To-day the triumph is complete, and France, so long indifferent, pays the dead painter a homage which she denied him in his lifetime. Last summer, the Ecole des Beaux-Arts opened its doors to an exhibition of his works, and all Paris crowded to see these long-despised and reviled pictures. Many of the most famous were missing. "Le Semeur," "La Grande Tondeuse," "La Femme aux Seaux" have crossed the seas to adorn museums in America, where Millet was long ago appreciated. Others are in En-

gland and Belgium. But the "Angelus," most eloquent and touching of rural scenes, and "Les Glaneuses," perhaps the grandest of all his pictures, were there. So too were "L'Homme à la Houe" and "L'Homme à la Veste," and the young "Bergère," and many other equally representative works, while in the pastels we recognized the finest and most intimate expression of the painter's thought. In spite of the ever-widening gulf which divides the art of Millet from that of contemporary France, the exhibition proved a great popular success. The critics, those *éternels aboyeurs* who worried poor Millet's life with their unceasing recriminations, were loud in their acclamations. The very papers which once denounced him as a painter of *crétins* and savages, a socialist and a demagogue, helped to swell the chorus of praise, and every Frenchman was proud to think of Millet as his countryman.

Before long, a statue reared out of the proceeds of the exhibition will stand in the market-place of Cherbourg, and the great peasant will look down on the green fields of his northern home and the wild seas which he loved so well. So the long injustice of his life is repaired and Millet at length receives his due.

But amid all the shouting and rejoicing, among the festal show of banners and mottoes and immortelles with which France delights to honor her mighty dead, it was impossible not to look back and recall the pitiful tale of the man's life, the sad story of hungry days and sleepless nights, of cruel attacks and cold neglect which embittered his whole existence and made him curse the day when he was born. In these days, when every one thinks and paints as he pleases, it is difficult to realize the fierceness of the outcry which, forty years ago, met any departure from the beaten tracks in art as in other fields of knowledge. Yet here in England the same storm was aroused when Mr. Holman Hunt and his companions dared to raise their protest against false and conventional ideals. Different as their practice was from that of Millet, they took their stand on the same ground. Their efforts were alike founded on a firm conviction "that it is at first better, and finally more pleasing, for human minds to contemplate things as they are, than as they are not."

"Truth," said Mr. Ruskin, whom, more fortunate in this than Millet, they had for their apostle, "Truth is the vital power of the whole school, Truth its armor, Truth

its war-word." "Paint things as you see them," cried Rossetti, "as they actually happen, not as they are set down in academic rules." "Go to nature for your impressions," said Millet, "it is there, close at hand, that beauty lies; all you find there is proper to be expressed, if only your aim is high enough."

But such rank heresy as this was not to be endured, least of all in Paris, where the traditions of the schools reigned supreme. And because the young peasant who came to Paris with his *idées toutes faites sur l'art* was in advance of his age, because he dared think for himself and was resolved at all hazards to paint in his own way, he found himself treated as an outcast and alien, and drained the cup of sorrow and loneliness to the dregs.

To-day critics and journalists are unanimous in their desire to bury the past in oblivion. "Let us forget his sufferings," they cry with one accord, "and only think of his glory." But the story of Millet's life deserves to be remembered. The record may be sad, but it is also noble and inspiring, and on the whole we may count him less an object for our pity than many whose lives have been spent in happier conditions. His sufferings saddened his days and shortened the number of his years, but they did not crush his spirit or weaken the message he had to give. He worked in obedience to a deep and unchanging conviction, and clung in his darkest hours with despairing tenacity to the principles for which he had ventured all. "There lies the truth," he said one evening, as, leaning on his garden fence, he watched the sun go down in a flame of fire over the plain, "let us fight for it."

And so he fought and died, and the truth conquered.

# I.

FORTUNATELY for posterity the life of Millet has been written by a friend who knew him intimately during the latter half of his career, and who had heard the tale of his early years from the painter's own lips. That friend, we all know, was Alfred Sensier, who, dying himself before the labor of love was ended, left his task to be finished by M. Paul Mantz. From the faithful and loving record which we owe to their joint work, most of the following biographical details are borrowed.

The story of Millet's youth is more than commonly interesting and instructive. For the circumstances of his birth and childhood had a remarkable share in shaping the bent of his genius. To the early

training of his peasant home he owed the strength of his character and convictions, to the country scenes in which he was born and bred the inspiration which governed his whole career. "Oh, how I belong to my native soil!" he wrote in 1871, when, three years before his death, he paid his last visit to Normandy — and no truer word was ever spoken.

He was born on the 4th of October, 1814, in a hamlet in the parish of Gréville, a few miles west of Cherbourg, close to the cape of La Hague. The district has a special interest for Englishmen as the cradle of some of our oldest families, and many of these Norman villages still bear the names of the barons who followed the Conqueror to England. It is a wild and rugged coast, bristling with granite rocks and needles, stern and desolate to the sailor's eye, but pleasant and fruitful enough inland, a country of rolling down and breezy moorland, where quaint old church towers stand on the hilltops and low houses cluster together among woods and apple-orchards and plots of emerald grass in the sheltered valleys. Even now the people are a primitive race, living on their own fields and spinning their own flax. Much more was this the case seventy years ago, when, in the troubled times at the end of Napoleon's wars, Jean-François Millet first saw the light. The house where he was born is standing still in the little village street, and we can look down across the fields where he sowed and reaped, to the wide stretch of sea and the far horizons which filled his young mind with dreams.

Here, after the patriarchal fashion of the place, three generations lived under the same roof. Jean-Louis, the painter's father, is described as a tall, slight man, with soft black eyes and long dark hair. A singularly refined and gentle soul, he loved music, taught the village choir, and wrote out chants in a hand worthy of a mediæval scribe. There was a good deal of art about him, although his life was spent in tilling his fields. He modelled in clay, shaped flowers and animals out of wood, and would often take up a blade of grass and say to his son, "Look, how fine!" Or, pointing to a cottage in the hollow of the downs, he would remark, "That house half buried in the fields is good; it seems to me it ought to be drawn that way." His wife, Aimée Henry du Perron, belonged to an old yeoman race which had known better days, and was a hard-working, pious, and loving woman whose time and thoughts were divided

between her household and the field labor which she shared with her husband. But it was the grandmother, Louise du Jumeau, who played the chief part in the painter's earliest recollections. She it was who rocked and sang him to sleep, whose face he could remember in the high white linen cap, bending over his bedside, on spring mornings, saying: "Eveille toi, mon petit François! Si tu savais comme il y a longtemps que les oiseaux chantent la gloire du bon Dieu!" She too it was who gave him the name of François after the saint of Assisi, on whose *fête* he was born — Francis who called the birds his brothers and sisters and praised God for all living creatures. A woman of strong character and deep affections, she combined an ardent love of nature with a mystic vein of piety, and taught her boy to look for the hand of a great and loving father in the wonders of sea and shore. "Hers was a beautiful religion," says the painter, "for it gave her strength to love deeply and unselfishly." She followed him with her prayers and counsel to the end of her life, and as late as 1846 we find her entreating him in her letters never to forget that he is painting for eternity, but to keep the presence of God and the sound of the last trumpet ever in his mind. Another member of the family who watched over little François's early years was his great-uncle, Abbé Charles, a priest who hid himself at Gréville during the Revolution and was both farm-laborer and vicar of the parish. Every morning he went to church to say mass, and after breakfast took off his *soutane* and worked in the fields, with François for his companion. He taught the boy to read; and when, after his death, François, then seven years old, first went to school he was held very clever because he could spell, and further covered himself with glory by thrashing a boy half a year older. At the age of twelve he was confirmed, and his intelligence attracted the notice of the priest, who began to teach him Latin and first put Virgil into his hand. The *Georgics* and *Bucolics* appealed with strange power to this child of nature, and he never forgot the thrill which ran through him when he read the line: —

Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ.

Even at this early age the impressions which Millet received were all of a serious kind. The sighing of the wind in the apple-trees of his father's orchard, the eternal murmur of the waves breaking on the shore, the terrible vastness of the big

church on a dark winter's night, these were the things which struck his childish fancy. He loved the old elm-tree in the garden, "gnawed by the wind and bathed in aerial space." The tall laurel with the big green leaves seemed to him fit for Apollo. Above all, the sea filled him with an awful sense of its grandeur and the littleness of man. He never forgot one All-Saints' Day, when all the parish was in church and an old man rushed in to say a ship had struck on the rocks. Boats were put out and heroic efforts were made to save the crew, but many lives were lost and the shore was strewn with dead bodies — "it was a desolation like the end of the world."

Strangers who came to Gréville were struck by the boy's poetic nature; and the good village curé listened wonderingly to his young scholar when he talked of his delight in the Bible and Virgil and the changing mystery of clouds and stars, of dawn and twilight. "Va, mon pauvre enfant," he said one day, in words which Millet often recalled, "tu as un cœur qui te donnera du fil à retordre. Va, tu ne sais pas ce que tu souffriras." But, true as these words were to prove, his childhood was thoroughly happy and he looked back to it as the best time of his life. In that simple household there was bread enough and to spare for the stranger and homeless. François always remembered the stately cursey with which his grandmother invited beggars and strolling pedlars to sit by the fire and took care that no one should be sent empty away. But, if food was plentiful, no one was allowed to be idle; and François, as the eldest boy of a family of eight brothers and sisters, soon had to leave his books and take his share of field work. With his own hands the painter of the "*Travaux des Champs*" sowed, and reaped, and ploughed, and grafted, and mowed grass, and made hay, by his father's and mother's side. But he still read whatever books he could lay hands upon, not only the Vulgate and Virgil which remained his favorite volumes, but the "*Letters of St. Jerome*," the "*Confessions of St. Augustine*," the works of St. François de Sales, of Montaigne, of Pascal, and the Port Royal writers, which had belonged to his grandmother's family. The sight of some prints in an old Bible first led him to take up his pencil while the rest of the family were enjoying their noonday rest. Soon he began to draw the sheep and the geese on the farm, then the garden and the view over sea and moorland. One Sunday, when he was about

eighteen, the bent figure of an old man on his way back from church caught his fancy, and taking up a piece of charcoal, he drew so exact a likeness on the wall that the portrait was recognized at once. Every one laughed, but his father thought seriously over the matter, and a few days afterwards told François that, now his brothers were old enough to take their place on the farm, he should go to Cherbourg and learn the trade of painting, which, folks said, was so fine a thing.

To Cherbourg the father and son went, taking with them two drawings which François had finished, one of two shepherds playing the flute in an apple-orchard, the other, taken from a parable in St. Luke, representing a man giving bread to his friend at a cottage door, on a starry night. Mouchel, the Cherbourg artist, was an eccentric character, but a man of some power; and when he saw these drawings, done without master or model, he began by declaring they could not be the boy's work, and ended by telling Jean-Louis in plain language that he deserved to perish eternally for keeping a lad with such stuff in him chained to the plough. He finally agreed to take him as pupil, but the only advice he gave him was to go to the museum and draw what he liked. Before, however, Millet had been two months at Cherbourg, he was recalled to Gruchy by his father's sudden death. An attack of brain fever had ended his life, and François, left to take his place, decided to give up painting and stay at home to manage the farm. But this his grandmother would not allow. "My François," she said, "you must accept the will of God. Your father, my Jean-Louis, said you were to be a painter; obey him and go back to Cherbourg." So Millet's fate was settled. He went back to Cherbourg, and studied for two years under another local artist called Langlois, who sent him to copy Dutch and Flemish paintings in the museum. He spent his evenings in the town library, and read Homer and Shakespeare, Milton and Scott, Goethe and Byron, Victor Hugo and Chateaubriand, for the first time. His talent now began to attract some attention, and on his master's recommendation the town council voted him a pension of six hundred francs, afterwards increased to one thousand by the council-general of La Manche, to enable him to complete his studies in Paris.

The step was a grave one, most of all in the eyes of Millet's mother and grandmother, who looked on Paris as another

Babylon. But, loyal to his dead father's wish, they gave him their small savings, and, with many tears and exhortations to remember the virtues of his ancestors, they sent him off on his journey. His own heart was full and his feelings strangely mingled. He felt some remorse at leaving his family, but then he longed to see Paris, which seemed to him the museum of all that was fine and great. He wanted to know all a painter has to learn; above all, he was eager to see the famous masters of whom he had heard so much. One foggy evening, in January, 1837, he reached Paris. The snow lay on the ground, the lamps burnt dimly through the fog, the crowds in the streets oppressed him with a strange sense of loneliness, and he burst into tears. Ashamed of giving way to his feelings, he washed his face at a street fountain, and munched his last apple before the window of a printseller's shop. The pictures he saw there — women bathing, grisettes at their toilet — repelled him, Paris seemed to him alike dismal and tasteless. Sick at heart, he went to bed in a lodging-house, to dream of his mother and grandmother spinning at home and praying for their absent child, or else of glorious pictures floating towards him from the skies. When he woke, he found himself in a little hole of a room, without sun or air, and the words of Job rose to his lips, "Let the day perish when I was born."

## II.

THE young painter of three-and-twenty had come to Paris with his ideas on art *toutes faites*, and he found nothing which inclined him to modify them. The masters of the romantic school, then at the height of their popularity, were distasteful to him. Their pictures seemed theatrical and artificial to this country lad, brought up on the Bible and Virgil. Paul Delaroche, whose atelier he entered, recognized his talent, but gave him little advice — this new pupil puzzled him as he had done his former masters. His fellow-students laughed at this rustic who set up for an original and a schismatic, and called him the Wild Man of the Woods. Their jokes and empty chatter wearied him almost as much as their worship of the patron's style. His experience of landladies and lodgings proved unfortunate, he was robbed and bullied, and became so conscious of his awkwardness, so sensitive to ridicule, that he dared not even ask his way in the streets. In his weariness and loneliness he sighed for home

and longed for one breath of pure country air. More than once he was on the point of starting to walk the whole ninety leagues which lay between Paris and Gréville. One thing only kept him in Paris — his love for the old masters. From the hour when, with a beating heart, he first climbed the staircase of the Louvre he felt himself in a world of friends. Day after day he returned there. Fra Angelico filled him with visions and sent him home to his wretched lodging full of dreams of these gentle masters "who painted beings so fervent that they are beautiful, so nobly beautiful that they are good." Mantegna affected him powerfully — the arrows of his St. Sebastian seemed to go through him — he liked everything strong, and would have given all Watteau and Boucher for one of Rubens, or Titian's nude women. Among Frenchmen Poussin appealed to him the most, and he never tired of his work. Once he spent the whole day before Giorgione's "Concert Champêtre," and was beginning to try to copy it, when at three o'clock the dreadful "*On ferme!*" of the guardians turned him out. But the sight of that picture was a consolation, and his little sketch gave him as much pleasure as a run into the country. Still greater was the impression made upon him by the first sight of a drawing by Michael Angelo. It was one of a man in a swoon. The expression of the relaxed muscles, of the figure weighed down by physical suffering, tormented him; he suffered in his own body, with his very limbs. Till then he had only known Michael Angelo through inferior engravings, now he realized his greatness for the first time. "I touched the heart and heard the speech of him who has haunted me all my life. I saw that he, who had done this, could, with a single figure, personify the good or evil of all humanity." He no longer tried to copy these masters, but he lived with them. He read Vasari and studied the drawings of Poussin, of Lionardo and Albert Dürer in the library of St. Geneviève; above all, he discovered all he could about Michael Angelo, whose work he considered to the end of his life the highest expression of art. He drew much from the antique at this time, and turned with relief from Watteau and Boucher to the Venus of Milo and the Achilles, which appeared to him the perfection of grace and beauty.

But meanwhile the promised pension came slowly and irregularly from Cherbourg, and before long ceased altogether.

Millet had left Delaroché's atelier and settled in the Rue de l'Est with a friend named Marolle, by whose advice he began to make pastels, in imitation of Boucher, to gain a living. The work was little to his taste, but nothing else would sell. When he spoke of drawing reapers and haymakers his more practical friend shrugged his shoulders and shook his head, and Millet with a sigh put away the idea until the fortunate day when he should be free to paint what he liked. For several years he lived by painting portraits at five and ten francs apiece, or little *genre* pictures which sometimes brought in as much as twenty francs. Often he was thankful to paint sign-boards for shops. A tumbler gave him thirty francs, all in sous, for a scene in the African wars. A sea-captain ordered a blue and pink lady reclining on a divan. Even by this means it was hard enough to keep body and soul together. In 1841, on one of his visits to Gréville, he married a pretty, but fragile Cherbourg girl, Pauline Ono, and returned to Paris with a fresh burden of a sick wife. He naturally soon found himself worse off than ever, and always spoke of this time as a terrible one. In 1844, his wife died, and he went to Cherbourg. His portraits at this period were marked by a good deal of spirit and brilliancy, and his pastels began to attract notice. One called "La Leçon d'Equitation" — a group of children at play — was exhibited in the Salon of 1844, where it struck the painter Diaz by its freshness and *verve*. When at the close of 1845 Millet came back to Paris, bringing with him his second wife, the brave and true Catherine le Maire, he found himself no longer altogether unknown. Several artists of note, Diaz, Théodore Rousseau, Jacque, and his faithful friend and biographer, Alfred Sensier, held out the right hand of fellowship to him and helped him by their sympathy and encouragement. "L'Amour Vainqueur," which we saw lately at Edinburgh, another "Love" at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, "L'Offrande de Pan" at Montpellier, and "The Bathers" in the Louvre, all belong to this period, and are all marked by the same charm of color and grace of feeling, but are as unlike as possible to the work which we associate with Millet's name. A St. Jerome which he sent to the Salon in 1847 was rejected, and on the same canvas he painted an *Œdipus* taken from the tree, with the express intention of practising the nude, in which he already excelled. His modelling was masterly,



his flesh-tints remarkable for their clearness and delicacy, and he was called *le maître du nu*. The next year he began another study of undraped figures, and had already made some progress when one evening as he stood at a shop-window he chanced to hear a young man remark to his companion that a pastel of women bathing at which they were looking was by a fellow called Millet who always painted naked women. The words were a shock to Millet. He thought of his old aspirations, of his grandmother at home, and resolved to paint no more mythological subjects or nude figures. That night he said to his wife: "If you consent I will do no more of these pictures. Life will be harder than ever, and you will suffer, but I shall be free to work as I have long wished."

"I am ready; do as you will," was the brave woman's answer, and one worthy of Millet's grandmother herself. And so then and there, on the same canvas, he began to paint his "Haymakers at Rest" ("Les Faneurs").

His resolve was firmly kept, but the struggle grew more difficult every day. The year 1848 was a hard one for artists, and Millet had already two or three children. Often he and his wife were reduced to the bitterest straits. Once they lived for a fortnight on thirty francs, the price of a signboard which Millet painted for a midwife. Another time he sold six drawings for a pair of shoes, then a picture went in exchange for a bed. Once Sensier found him and his wife sitting together half-starved in a room without a fire. Neither of them had tasted food for two whole days. All Millet said when his friend brought him money was, "Thank you, it comes in time. The children have not suffered, until to-day they have had food." And he went out to buy wood.

That year his "Vanneur" found a place in the Salon, and, what was more, a purchaser in M. Ledru Rollin, who gave him a second order for his "Faneurs." He had just received the price when the Revolution of June, '49, broke out. Paris had of late grown more and more distasteful to Millet. He cared nothing for politics, the art and society of the place were alike false and hollow in his eyes; the firing in the streets and the slaughter of the barricades sickened his very soul. He longed for green fields and trees, for a quiet resting-place far from the din and strife of parties. At length he and Jacque agreed to spend the summer at Barbizon, a village on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau, where

Rousseau had already settled. Early in June they left Paris with their families, and before the end of the month Millet had taken the cottage which was to be his home for the rest of his life.

### III.

WHEN Millet finally left Paris to pitch his tent at Barbizon, the darkest period of his life was over. Struggle and hardship enough were still in store for him, but he had taken the great step and broken forever with the slavery of conventional art. Henceforth he was free to choose his own path and paint in his own way. But those dreary twelve years had not been wasted. He had mastered the technical side of painting, and had gained a firm grasp of the great and abiding laws which are the foundation of all true art. And now he was to apply these principles to the types of human life which had been present to his mind from early youth.

The first sight of the forest made an indescribable impression upon him. The majesty of its giant trees, the solemn stillness of its shades, filled him with awe and wonder; the sight of grassy glades was a new joy. He rushed to and fro in a frenzy of delight, climbed the granite crags of the rocky wilderness, and lay on the heather crying "My God, how good it is under thy heaven!" When the first rapture was over, he began to draw, not only the rich and varied forest scenery about him, but the living beings he found there, the woodcutters and charcoal-burners, the cowherds leading their cattle to pasture, the stone-breakers at work in the quarries, and the rabbits starting out of their burrows.

Yet more to his taste were the subjects which he found on the great plain which stretches between the forest and Chailly, the sleepy little town where Barbizon folk went to be married and buried—in whose churchyard Millet sleeps to-day. On this wide Campagna-like plain, peasants were to be seen at work all the year round. Here, thirty miles from Paris, something of the primeval beauty and poetry of rustic life lingered still. Shepherds were still to be seen abiding in the fields at night, the sower still went forth to sow, and the gleaners followed in the steps of the reapers, as of old Ruth in the defile of Boaz. Here Millet felt at home. He took a three-roomed cottage at one end of the village street opening on the plain, put on *sabots*, and became once more a peasant. In the early morning he might be seen digging in his garden, and after

painting all day in the low barn he called his studio, he took a run in the forest and returned each time *écrasé*, he tells Sensier, by its tremendous calm and grandeur. Old impressions revived and came to mingle with the new. He thought of Gréville, and painted "Le Semeur," which, exhibited at the Salon in 1850, was hailed by at least one critic as a fine and original conception. We all know that wonderful picture of the sower, who, as night falls and the shadows lengthen on the plain, strides across the newly ploughed field, and, followed by a flight of hungry birds, flings the grain abroad in the furrows. In that figure, with his measured tread and superb gesture, the whole spirit of the peasant's calling is expressed with a concentration of thought, an intensity, worthy of Michael Angelo. Here the true Millet, *le grand rustique*, revealed himself for the first time.

A letter addressed by him to Sensier soon afterwards shows the direction in which his thoughts were tending:—

I must confess, even if you think me a socialist, that the human side of art is what touches me most, and if I could only do what I like, or at least attempt it, I should do nothing that was not an impression from nature, either in landscape or in figures. The gay side never shows itself to me. I don't know where it is. I have never seen it. The gayest thing I know is the calm, the silence which is so sweet, either in the forest or in the cultivated land, whether the land be good for culture or not. You will admit that it is always very dreamy, and a sad dream, though often very delicious. You are sitting under a tree, enjoying all the comfort and quiet of which you are capable; you see coming up a narrow path a poor creature loaded with fag-gots. The unexpected and always surprising way in which this figure strikes you instantly reminds you of the common and melancholy lot of humanity—weariness. It is always like the impression of La Fontaine's woodcutter in the fable: "Quel plaisir a-t-il eu depuis qu'il est au monde?" Sometimes in places where the land is sterile, you see figures hoeing and digging. From time to time one raises himself and straightens his back, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand. "Thou shalt eat bread in the sweat of thy brow." Is this the gay, jovial work which people would have us believe in? But, nevertheless, to me it is true humanity and great poetry.\*

This then was Millet's discovery, this the message he had to give the world. Before his time the French peasant had

never been held a fit subject for art. Queens and their ladies might play at pastorals if they chose, but the polite world remained of Madame de Staël's opinion, and thought with her that *l'agriculture sent le fumier*. The *bergeries* of Trianon and the *paysans enrubanés* of Watteau's Arcadia were as far removed from reality as possible. A group of peasants drinking and quarrelling, a beggar in rags or even a pair of lovers at a cottage door might be tolerated, but no one was so audacious as to attempt the prosaic theme of a laborer at his work. This Millet was the first to do. Himself a peasant of peasants, born of a long race of yeomen and familiar with every detail of country life, he was admirably fitted both by nature and education for the task. He saw the dignity of labor, and knew by bitter experience the secrets of the poor. The pathetic side of human life had an especial attraction for him. The hardship and monotony of toil, the patient endurance which comes of long habit, touched his innermost soul. More than this, he understood the close relation that exists between the familiar sights of every-day life and the noblest works of art, saw that there might be action as heroic and beauty as rare in the attitude and gesture of a peasant sowing, or a woman gleanng, as in the immortal forms of Greek sculpture. And with true poetic insight he felt the deeper meaning that lies under it all, the eternal destiny of the human race, the age-long struggle of man with nature which will endure while seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, follow each other on the face of the earth.

"Man goeth forth to his labor until the evening." This is the text of all Millet's work. During the twenty-seven years that he spent at Barbizon he painted the whole cycle of peasant life. The reaper toiling valiantly with his sickle among the ripe grain; the woodcutter hewing the fallen trunk of some forest king; the haymakers hurrying to carry the last load before the thundercloud bursts; the hoer who, without the help of horse or plough, breaks up the clods; the women planting potatoes, picking beans, and pulling flax in the fields, spinning and carding wool, churning and washing at home—these are but a few of the types of labor over which Millet shed the light of his genius. But there was one calling above all others which had a peculiar charm for his fancy. The loneliness of the shepherd's life, the long hours which he spends under the sky, his silent musings with nature, and

\* J.-F. Millet, by A. Sensier, translated by H. de Kay, p. 93.

his carefulness for his flock, impressed Millet's imagination deeply and inspired many of his finest pictures. He paints the shepherd leading his flock to pasture in the dewy freshness of the early morning, shows him to us wrapt in his long cloak and leaning on his staff as he stands under the bare trees on a November evening, watching for the *étoile du berger* to rise, and again when night has fallen on the plain and he wends his way slowly homewards, a strange, gaunt figure in the gathering darkness, followed by the long straggling line of sheep and the faithful dog which brings up the rear. Or else it is some young shepherdess, who, in the linen cap and long white hooded cloak of Barbizon, might be Joan of Arc herself, as she knits, resting on her staff, while the sheep browse the short grass of the plain, and whom we see again with the same serious air and pensive face bringing her flock home in the tender moonlight. Sometimes it is the care of the sheep at lambing and shearing time which fills the painter's thoughts. A young girl, hardly more than a child herself, is seen bearing home a new-born lamb in her apron and turning round full of tender thought for the bleating mother which follows closely on her steps. And one of his greatest pictures is the life-sized figure of a woman shearing a sheep, which goes by the name of "La Grande Tondeuse"—now at Boston.

Young and old, boy and girl, share in the daily task and pass before us in turn. The little goose-girl driving her flock to the pond, the old crone staggering under the load of her faggots, and the woodcutter whose face is seamed and wrinkled with age, are all here. Nowhere is the pathetic contrast of youth and age more finely expressed than in the picture of "Les Bêcheurs." Two men of stalwart form are digging side by side in the field, with their hats and blouses lying on the ground. But while the one is young and vigorous and turns the clods with an ease that shows the task is light and the labor pleasant, the other is older, and we see by his stooping attitude and the movement of his body that the effort is a strain and requires all his strength. Summer and winter, morning and evening, are but parts of the same theme and help to ring the changes of the marvellously told tale. Not an hour of the day but has its story. We see the young couple going out to work together with brisk steps and cheerful faces in the pleasant morning sunshine, the man in his blouse, bearing his spade

under his arm and his fork on his shoulder, his wife, in short petticoats and sabots, carrying a pitcher in her hand and wearing her basket as sun-bonnet on her head. We see the tired haymakers, the exhausted vine-dresser, snatching a brief interval of sorely needed rest in the burning heat of noon, and we see the weary laborer laying down his hoe when the first stars come out, and pulling on his vest with a gesture admirably expressing his relief that the day's work is done. Dear above all others was this twilight hour to Millet, the hour when the sun has set and the evening mist rises and the form of the returning husbandman looms darkly on the mysterious expanse of the broad plain, when the stag comes forth from his lair and the rooks fly homewards through the sky, when the vesper bell rings from the old church tower and the tired peasant doffs his cap and bows his head reverently to repeat the Angelus.

In all of this there is not a note of exaggeration or artificial feeling. *Avant tout faire vrai et logique* was Millet's aim. "I have avoided as I always do with horror," he says of his "Femme aux Seaux," "anything that can verge on the sentimental. . . . I want the people I represent to look as if they belonged to their station and as if their imaginations could not conceive of their being anything else." His peasants are not ragged beggars, nor yet the beasts of burden described in La Bruyère's famous passage. They are not wilfully ugly, although of necessity they must bear the marks of hard toil and exposure and of the ravages of time on their faces. The beautiful in his eyes was the suitable; he is never tired of repeating it. "If I am to paint a mother I shall try to make her beautiful simply by her look at her child. Beauty is expression." His women are often splendid-looking creatures. The "Femme aux Seaux" and the "Grande Tondeuse" have been frequently compared to Pallas, to Juno, and Medea. But he would not stoop to alter facts and "prettify types" for all the critics in France.

He brought the same spirit to the study of nature. The changes of earth and sky were as familiar to him as the character and action of the peasants he represents. The tangled forest growth, the sunlit spaces of the wide champaign, the dead wood in the birches and the scar left by the fallen bough, the rough herbage and potato patches on the plain, the stubble-field where the sheep are feeding, the very clods at the laborer's feet, the rich brown-

ness of the autumn earth, the dead leaves and the trampled snow — he knows them all as intimately and paints them as accurately as he does the muscles and structure of the human frame. And he gives not merely the actual fact, but the sentiment of the landscape, the desolate sadness of winter, the chill close of the November day, the silence and solitude of the plain, just as he sums up the whole story of generations in a single figure or gesture.

There was yet another side of the peasant's life which Millet did not forget. The love of wife and child runs like an undertone through all his pictures of rustic toil. The sleeping babe in his cradle is there to remind us for whose sake the parents labor; and the presence of the absent father is always felt in the cottage home, were it only by the clothes the goodwife mends by the light of her lamp. The painter himself had nine children, and took delight in painting them at all their different stages. The swaddled baby, lying, monarch of all he surveys, under the walnut-tree among the ducks and hens, is a charming picture of infant felicity, and the father, holding out his arms to the child taking his first steps in the garden, will live as the sweetest of rustic idylls. But his most pathetic poem of the affections was inspired by the memory of his mother and grandmother. Two aged parents, already far advanced in the journey of life, are seen straining their eyes towards the distant horizon where the sun is setting, waiting in vain for a form which never comes, for a step which they will hear no more.

Even so Millet's coming had been awaited in the old home at Gruchy. But the journey was long and money was scarce, and both grandmother and mother died, the one in 1851, the other in 1853, without embracing their beloved François. His own grief was bitter, and when the next year he sold a picture, the first thing he did was to take his wife and children to Gréville. The place was sadly changed, and almost the only friend he found left was his first teacher, Abbé Jean Lebrisseux.

"Ah, dear child, little François, is it you?" asked the good priest, whom he found kneeling at the altar of his church. "And the Bible, have you forgotten it? And the Psalms, do you ever read them still?"

"They are my breviary," said Millet, "I get from them all I do."

"These are rare words to hear nowa-

days," said the abbé, "but you will be rewarded. You used to love Virgil?"

"So I do still," said the painter.

"That is well. I am content," said the priest. "Where I sowed the ground has been good, and you will reap the harvest, my son."

They parted, and Millet went back to Barbizon, but not till he had sketched every corner of the old place, the house, the orchard, the fields, and the seashore.

We cannot here mention one-half of the great works, many of them now household names, which came out of the cottage of Barbizon during the next twenty years. One by one these noble pictures were sketched in pencil or charcoal, thought out with the greatest pains and deliberation, and often put away for years before they were completed. In 1855 his "Pay-san greffant" was exhibited at the Salon, and attracted the critics' attention. "Here is a man," said Gautier, "who finds poetry in the fields, who loves the peasant, and paints Georgics after Virgil." But the public remained indifferent, and the picture would have remained unsold if Rousseau, hiding his identity under the guise of a supposed American, had not bought it. The help was sorely needed, for Millet was in dire straits. His family increased every year, and his letters to Sensier repeat the same sad tale of pressing bills and impatient creditors. An execution is threatened, the bailiffs are on the point of entering the house, his wife is ill, the children must eat, there is no firing in the house, and the baker refuses bread. It is the end of the month, and where is money to be got? And he implores Sensier to sell his pictures at any price, if only to earn a few francs. Decidedly poor Millet, as he often confesses, was no man of business. Fortunately he had faithful friends who loved the man and admired his genius. Diaz lent him six hundred francs, Arthur Stevens spent months in trying to find him purchasers, Sensier was unceasing in his exertions on his behalf. But the task was by no means easy, and even when buyers were found they often broke their promises or put off payment.

"Life is a sad thing," writes the painter in 1856. "We come to understand those who sighed for a place of refreshment, of light and peace. One sees why Dante makes some of his people call the days they spent on earth 'the time of my debt.' Well, let us hold out as long as we can; I have a settled weariness, but no anger against any one, for I do not think my lot

is worse than that of others, but I am afraid of getting tired out. It has lasted nearly twenty years."

At that very moment he was painting his magnificent "Glaneuses," a picture which he never surpassed in point of grandeur and completeness. As in all Millet's works, the composition is very simple—a harvest-field, where three women are gleaning in the foreground, while corn is being carried in the farm-yard behind. But the atmosphere is transparently beautiful, the serene peace of evening rests on the scene, and the three women, bending with rhythmic movement to pick up the ripe ears, are heroic types of labor actively pursuing its task until "the night cometh when no man can work."

In 1859, he finished the "Angelus," which as a record of one of his earliest impressions was especially dear to him. He asked Sensier, who came to see the picture, what he thought of it. "Why, it is the Angelus," exclaimed his friend, "you can hear the bells!" Millet was satisfied. It had been his endeavor to give the music of the distant church bells in these bended figures of peasants who leave off work to pray at the sound of the Ave Maria. How well he succeeded we all know. But it was months before the "Angelus" found a purchaser. Since Millet's death it has changed hands again and been resold for 8,000*fr.* The same year he completed "La Mort et le Bûcheron," a subject taken from La Fontaine's fable of the worn-out woodcutter calling for death to ease him of his burden, and shrinking back in horror when his prayer is heard and the grim skeleton appears. This picture, on which Millet had spent infinite pains, was rejected by the Salon. He felt the blow keenly, and saw in the decision of the jury an attempt to crush his art. "They wish to drive me into their drawing-room art," he said; "no, no, a peasant I was born and a peasant I will die; I will say what I feel and paint things as I see them." He found able defenders in Alexandre Dumas and M. Paul Mantz, but his art was too new, too original for the Parisian world. Even his friends deplored his excess of austerity and complained that he deliberately chose ugly and repulsive types. Corot, who knew him personally, frankly owned that he saw great knowledge and style in Millet's pictures, but that they frightened him. His "Angelus" was described as a heavy and sombre bucolic, and critics jeered at his "Nouveau-né" and said his

men carried the new-born calf as if it were the bull Apis or the Host.

He was reproached on all sides as a demagogue, a Saint-Simonist, and his "Glaneuses" were assailed as dangerous beasts who threatened the very existence of society. The insolence of his foes waxed fiercest round his "Homme à la Houe," when that picture was exhibited in the Salon of 1863. It was then that he wrote the famous letter which Sensier calls his confession of faith:—

The gossip about my 'Homme à la Houe' seems to me all very strange. . . . Is it impossible to admit that one can have some sort of an idea in seeing a man devoted to gaining his bread by the sweat of his brow? They tell me that I see no charms in the country. I see much more than charms—I see infinite glories. I see as well as they do the little flowers of which Christ said that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. I see the aureoles of dandelions, and the sun which spreads out beyond the world its glory in the clouds. But I see as well, in the plain, the steaming horses at work, and, in a rocky place, a man, all worn out, whose *han* has been heard since morning and who tries to straighten himself a moment and breathe. The drama is surrounded by beauty. It is not my invention. This 'cry of the ground' has been heard long ago. My critics are men of taste and education, but I cannot put myself in their shoes, and, as I have never seen anything but fields since I was born, I try to say as best I can what I saw and felt when I was at work.\*

Nothing could make him alter his ideas, but we see by many passages in his letters how deeply the iron entered into his soul:

Always evil, when will the good come? O life, life, how hard it is at times, and how we need our friends and Heaven to bear it! When will He come who will say to me as to the cripple in the Bible, Arise and walk?

Constant work and worry brought on attacks of fever and terrible headaches. Twice over, the thought of suicide presented itself to his overwrought brain. But his grandmother's lessons of obedience and submission, and the thought of his wife and children saved him from the fatal step. "Come and let us see the sunset, and then I shall feel better," he would say when haunted by these gloomy fears. And he came home calm and resigned.

But hard as the struggle was, and melancholy as is the tale revealed in the letters to Sensier, there was, it is well to remember, a brighter side to the picture. Gleams of momentary prosperity came to

\* J.-F. Millet, p. 158.



cheer Millet's life. There were days, even Sensier allows, when he came back from Paris with toys in his pocket for the children and was "of a delightful gaiety." Then he loved to assemble his friends at his table, and made them welcome in the most genial manner. More than one visitor to Barbizon has left us a pleasant glimpse of the painter's peasant home. They tell us of the low cottage, overgrown by clematis and ivy which Millet could not bear to see pruned, standing in the little garden closed round by the high wall out of which he had pulled some bricks so that he might see the sun set over the plain. They describe the barn-like studio, with no ornament but a few casts from the Parthenon frieze and a heap of blouses and handkerchiefs of every shade of blue from the deepest indigo to sun-bleached whiteness, lying in a corner which Millet called his museum. And they tell us of the painter himself, with his grey beard and piercing dark eyes and serious air, looking in his *sabots* like some peasant of La Vendée; a little stern and reserved in manner at first, but full of kindness for his friends, and always gentle to his children, in whose presence he took unflinching delight, opening the door of his studio when he was tired that he might hear their voices at play. Strangers from the New World were struck by the patriarchal character of the household, and felt themselves under Abraham's tent when they sat down to the frugal supper. There were the good wife and mother—*ma vieille*, as Millet tenderly called her—always active, busy about her domestic duties, with only one little maid-of-all-work, who often served as model into the bargain, to help her, yet careful to hide the scantiness of the resources at her disposal from visitors. There were children of all sizes and ages, curly-headed little ones who rode on their father's knee, *au pas, au trot, et au galop*, and who listened with rapt eyes to his weird tales and songs of Normandy. On summer evenings the whole family would take rambles in the forest, singing and talking as they went. Then the grave and silent man would talk freely of his past life, of the old home by the sea, and of the days in Paris when he breakfasted on a roll and the next meal was always a doubtful problem, and when his long dreams in the Louvre were his one consolation. Or else he would talk of the great masters, *les forts*, as he liked to call the prophets of art and literature, and become eloquent as he spoke of his old favorites Virgil and David. He read at

this time of his life more than ever, picking up new treasures at the book-stalls in Paris, and sitting up reading till late at night. Theocritus, which a friend lent him in 1864, became a new source of pleasure, and he formed a scheme for illustrating the idylls, which had to be abandoned for want of a publisher who would undertake the work.

Times were mending now. Millet had pledged himself to work during three years for a friend of Sensier's at the sum of a thousand francs a month, and the contract relieved him from the worst embarrassments. In 1864 his "*Bergère*" was exhibited, and won all hearts by her rustic grace and beauty. For once Millet found himself popular. The same year four decorative panels of the Seasons, in which he treated his favorite themes after a more classic style, gave proofs of his power in a new direction. A drawing of the Resurrection, in which the arisen Lord leaps from the tomb, bursting the bonds of death, and a mystic Flight into Egypt made his friends regret that he could not follow out this new line of thought. But already a foreboding that his life would not be long seemed to haunt him, and, despairing of ever painting all the pictures in his mind, he returned to pastel as a swifter and easier form of expressing his thoughts. In early days at Barbizon he had already executed the fine series of drawings known as the "*Travaux des Champs*," and had himself etched several plates from his own designs. Now he made as many as ninety-five drawings in crayon and pastel for the architect M. Gavet, whose high opinion of Millet's work was justified when, half a year after the painter's death, his collection sold for three hundred and twenty thousand francs. When on that occasion they were seen in public for the first time the art-world was taken by storm, and Millet's most ardent admirers felt that they had never known his greatness before. These drawings, in which so many finer and tenderer shades of the painter's thought are present, were chiefly records of impressions at Barbizon or at Gréville. His heart turned with ever-increasing love to the scenes of his youth, and he writes to Sensier that he is at work on a drawing of "The End of the Village" opening towards the sea. "My old elm," he says, "begins to look gnawed by the wind's tooth. What would I give to bathe it in space as I see it in memory!" A month later he was summoned to Gréville to his sister Emilie's death-bed, and found the old elm blown down. "Tout

passee," he wrote, "et nous aussi, nous passons."

A journey which he took to Vichy for his wife's health supplied him with fresh subjects. In the rugged scenery of Mont Doré he seemed to see "the glory of God dwelling upon the heights." His feeling for nature grew deeper and stronger as his strength failed and he felt life slipping from his grasp. His letters dwell with delight on the fairy-like effects of fog and frost in the forest, and even the dull days of December have their charm for him. There is some talk of a winter in the south for the good of his health, but he cannot tear himself from home. "O sadness of field and wood!" he cried "I should miss too much in not seeing you." It is this strange, sweet sadness which makes itself felt in so many of the drawings of this time in which the sky and earth are the only subjects, most of all in the beautiful pastel of the sun setting in fog and cloud over the lonely plain.

The Exhibition of 1867 contained many of Millet's masterpieces, including the "Angelus," "Les Glaneuses," "La Mort et le Bûcheron," "La Grande Tondeuse," and "La Bergère," which the exertions of his friends had brought together. In the following year he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and in 1870 was elected one of the jurors of the Salon. But he cared little for these honors. He had no wish but to bring up his children well and to give expression to the greatest possible number of his impressions. His friend Rousseau's death affected him painfully; and when the war of 1870 broke out he felt keenly the disasters which befell his country. When it became impossible to remain at Barbizon he took his family to Cherbourg and spent his days painting the sea, from his rooms *au troisième*. Once more he visited Gréville, but it was to find strangers living in the old home. He thought with tears of the loved ones who had worked in these fields with him, of the dear eyes which had gazed with him over the sea. Here, in the autumn of 1871, Sensier joined him, and the two friends travelled through the district, making sketches of all they saw. Millet returned to Barbizon in December and painted a picture of the church of Gréville, now in the Louvre, and other Norman landscapes for American patrons. But his cough increased and he was distressed to find he could do so little work. A fit of hæmorrhage, in June, 1873, completely broke him down. Meanwhile great news reached him from Paris. His "Angelus," which had

brought him only two thousand francs, sold again for fifty thousand, another of his pictures for thirty-eight thousand; the Museum of Lille bought "La Becquée" at the same time. More than all, in May, 1874, the State, anxious to repair the neglect of past years, gave him a commission for a series of historic paintings in the Panthéon. The order filled him with joy, but it came too late. He had worked hard for thirty years, and now the great day of rest was coming. In August, Sensier spent a week at Barbizon; and one fine summer day the friends took a long drive in the forest. That day Millet was in bright spirits. He spoke of the beauty of the forest, of the ever-increasing loveliness of nature, and thanked Sensier for his long and faithful friendship. "Other friends," he said, "get tired and leave us. Some die and disappear. You have remained—to the end." The end was nearer than his friends knew. He faded slowly away as the autumn days grew shorter, and took to his bed in December. One day in January he was startled out of sleep by the noise of guns and baying of hounds. A poor stag had taken refuge in a neighboring garden and was soon killed by the dogs. "It is an omen," said Millet, and he was right. A few days afterwards he died, on the morning of the 20th of January.

But of this life of ceaseless effort and struggle, of long failure and despair, what then remains to us? Some eighty or ninety pictures and about twice as many drawings. A great deal of toil and suffering, it would seem, for the sake of a very little art. Millet himself felt conscious of this when he was dying. He said one day that his life was ending all too soon, that now he had just begun to see clearly into nature and art. The feeling was a natural one for the great soul near its term and conscious of far heights which it might never scale. But his work was well done, and his message had been delivered in all its fulness.

First among painters he had opened men's eyes to the unregarded loveliness of common things, to the glory of toil and the eternal mystery of that cry of the ground which haunted his whole life. He had painted man, not as a separate being, but as part of the great and changeless order of the universe, and had shown more clearly than ever the closeness of the tie that binds the joys and sorrows, the labor and emotions of man with the changes of the seasons, and the beauty of the natural world. On a sheet covered with sketches

this sentence was found in his own handwriting: "Il faut pouvoir faire servir le trivial à l'expression du sublime, c'est là la vraie force." No words could better express the aim and purpose of his art. Chief among realists, he lifts the vivid record of actual fact into the loftiest ideal realms by the passion and poetry of his imagination. And somewhere else he has said: "Il faut apercevoir l'infini." Not for nothing was he born within sound of the everlasting sea, within sight of those vast spaces which filled his soul with immortal longings. The infinite is always present in his pictures. He breaks up the forest shades to let in a glimpse of the blue above, and reminds us by the slender thread of up-curling smoke, by the flight of wild birds across the sky, of the far-spreading horizons, the boundless issues of human life.

And this message he delivered, in no hasty inconsidered spirit, but with consummate knowledge and mastery of hand, in obedience to eternal and unalterable laws. The very slowness of the steps by which his fame has been won is the best pledge of its endurance, and future generations will remember him among the foremost painters of the century.

His place with the immortals is sure. His pictures of seed-time and harvest, of morning and evening, will rank with the great art of all time, with the frieze of the Parthenon and with the frescoes of Michael Angelo.

JULIA ADY.

From The National Review.

#### STORY-TELLING IN THE EAST.

A FEW months ago I was encamped in the desert that divides Palestine from Egypt. In front of me lay the vast mounds of Farama, covering the ruins of the ancient Pelusium and rising out of a dreary expanse of sand and mud, once the bed of the Pelusiatic mouth of the Nile. Where the industrious fellahin had formerly cultivated their fields, undulating drifts of loose sand now hold undisputed sway, and it was at the foot of one of these that my tent was pitched. In the course of the afternoon I had been reading to my dragoman one of the stories collected by the late Spitta Bey from the *raconteurs* of Cario and published by him at the end of his invaluable "Grammar of Egyptian Arabic." The story was interrupted by the arrival of dinner, shortly after the conclusion of which I was asked by the

dragoman to step outside the tent. There I found the plot of the "Arabian Nights" actually enacted before my eyes.

I had been obliged to leave the animals I had brought from Syria at El Arish, the first town on the Egyptian frontier, built above "the river of Egypt" of the Old Testament, and to hire camels there for the rest of my journey. The camel-drivers were simple, uneducated folk, who chattered like children, and, with the exception of one young Bedouin, were all unmistakably of Egyptian, or at any rate of non-Arab descent. Their travels had never extended beyond Jerusalem on the one side or the Suez Canal on the other.

According to their custom they had lighted a fire in front of the tent, and were squatting around it, with their camels kneeling in a circle behind them, each with its head buried deep in a bag of food. The dark-blue sky overhead was brilliant with stars, and in the far distance the light was just visible that loomed over the mud-flats from the lighthouse of Port Said.

One of the camel-drivers was engaged in telling stories to a rapt audience. He was a fine-looking man, with light eyes and reddish beard, in whom I thought I could trace the lineaments of that fair-complexioned Amorite race which, as the Egyptian monuments inform us, once dwelt in the mountains of Syria. He proved himself to be an ideal story-teller. With a clear, unhesitating voice, which he raised or lowered as occasion required, he pursued his tale, pausing only when he had made a point and expected the applause of his hearers; now and then he accompanied his words with a few gentle movements of the hand; more often he stimulated the attention of his audience by a comparison taken from their immediate surroundings. The uninhabited city into which one of his heroes wandered was "like Farama," the rich man he met there was "like Effendi," the dragoman. My camel-driver, in fact, was born with a natural gift of imagination, as was shown both by the details he introduced into his stories and by the last tale I heard, which I believe to have been invented on the spot for my special benefit. He would have made his fortune in the days of Harûn-er-Rashid.

I took my seat in the circle of his hearers, all of whom, the young Bedouin excepted, were entering like children into the enjoyment of them. The adventures of his heroes were as real to them as their own wanderings, and from time to time they interrupted him with exclamations of

approval or the reverse. With eyes fixed upon him they seemed to drink in every word he uttered, and to live for a time in the magic world he conjured up.

When I arrived he was describing a young prince who had married the daughter of a sultan, and was on his way home with her to his father's kingdom. On the road his bride presented him with a ring, which he was told never to lose. But one day, as he held it in his hand to look at, a bird suddenly swooped from the sky and carried it away. In an agony of distress he pursued the bird mile after mile until bride and followers had alike been left far away in the desert, and he arrived at last at a great and fair city on the coast of the sea. The city, however, was silent and desolate; the prince wandered through its streets and met no man. At last he stumbled on a Moslem, who saluted him and prayed him to take up his abode in his house and treated him as his own son. Meanwhile the bride was left disconsolate, in the midst of the rude soldiers of her husband. For safety's sake she assumed the dress of the bridegroom and feigned that the bride had run away. In man's dress she reached the kingdom of a mighty sultan, who was, however, like her visitor, really a woman masquerading in the costume of a man. Here she was entertained hospitably, and in course of time host and guest first became fast friends and then fell in love with one another. The complications which ensued were dwelt upon by the story teller to the great delight of his audience; but finally all things were happily arranged, and the sultan and bride discovered to each other their true sex. "The story now returns to the prince," who, while wandering in the garden of his host one day discovered a well, and at the bottom of the well seven jars of gold. With this he equipped a fleet and set sail for his father's realm. On the way he touched at a port which happened to belong to the female sultan, who was entertaining his wife, and who, of course, insisted upon a visit from the prince. Of course, also, the prince fell in love with her on the spot, as well as with his own wife, whom he did not recognize. She, however, "like women" generally, had a better memory or a quicker eye, and as she had opportunely recovered the ring the day before—the bird which was carrying it having been stricken at her feet by an eagle—she bore him no grudge for his desertion of her. So all things ended happily; the prince obtained two wives instead of one, as well as the kingdom of the sultan, who was really a sultanness.

The end of the story was received with plaudits, and after a short pause, the story-teller commenced again. This time it was about "Muhammed es-Shater, Mohammed the clever," who is a favorite figure in Cairene folk-lore. Mohammed, it appeared, was the son of a merchant who was very rich. One day the merchant despatched him with twelve ships laden with precious things in order that he might discover whether there was any one in the world richer than himself. Mohammed was long on his travels; at last he came to a city where there was a man who offered to buy the ships and all they contained. But he first asked his servant if there was any room in his house still sufficiently empty to receive his new possessions. As this excited Mohammed's surprise he was taken over the rich man's palace. He wandered from room to room, each filled with gold and silver and gems, and all that was most rare and precious in the world. As he visited each he was asked by his host whether there was any like it in his father's house. But Mohammed was a clever lad, so he showed so signs of astonishment, and answered that such sights were familiar to him at home. At last they reached the fortieth room, and here Mohammed could restrain his amazement no longer. It contained seven cups of such magic virtue that any liquid poured out of them would turn iron into gold. As Mohammed's father was nearly as wealthy as himself, the rich man gave him one of the cups as *bakshish*. Mohammed returned home, and the magic cup soon caused the merchant to become very, very rich. So one day he told his son that he must make a return for the *bakshish* he had received. Mohammed accordingly again started with a fleet of twelve ships laden with treasures. But on his arrival at his destination he could no longer find the rich man's house. He wandered over the ground on which it had stood, and it was as bare as the desert itself. Then he was told what had happened. The rich man had become very proud, and Allah had smitten him in the midst of his pride. One night his palace disappeared, and everything in it was turned into ashes. To save himself from starvation he had to hire his services to the owner of a *café* for three piastres a day. In this *café* Mohammed accidentally seated himself, and there recognized his former host, who, however, did not recognize the stranger. Mohammed asked him

to sit down and eat some sweets with him, but he refused, on the ground that a servant could not sit by the side of his master. Pressed to do so, he consented at last, and was then asked what had happened to him. "Hush!" he replied; "it was the will of Allah — we will say nothing about it." Then Mohammed told him of the ships and their contents which he had brought, and bade him at once leave the café and search for a house in which to store them. As they walked about to find one, they passed by the spot where the rich man's house had stood, and, behold, it was standing there again! Then Mohammed married the rich man's daughter, and after the death of the two parents became the richest man in the world.

After this warning against the sin of being puffed up by riches, my camel-driver told another story, the moral of which obviously was that as I was a rich man, I ought to give him and his companions a good bakshish at the end of our journey. The story was not so lengthy as its predecessors, and ran in this wise:—

"Once upon a time there was a poor man whose neighbor was a rich Jew; but the Jew was hard and pitiless. One day the poor man's family were starving, and he went to the Jew to beg a morsel of bread. But the Jew drove him from his door. '*Emshi*, get away,' he said, 'you hound!' Then the Jew and the poor man died, and the All-merciful showed them two palaces, one of which was intended for the Jew and the other for the poor man. The Jew entered his palace, and wandered from one part of it to the other, becoming continually more enchanted with its beauty and magnificence. But suddenly the All-merciful interrupted him, and said, 'It was intended that this palace should stand by the side of the poor man's palace in Paradise; but since you had no compassion on the poor man, it must descend into Gehenna.' So the palace of the Jew went down into hell, while the palace of the poor man mounted up to heaven."

After this I judged it expedient to retire into my tent, but the story-telling was continued outside far into the night. My only regret was that I had not been able to take the stories down word for word in the actual language of their narrator. Those who wish to know what this was like may refer to the stories written down by Spitta Bey, and translated by him into French in his "*Contes Arabes Modernes*" (Brill, Leiden: 1883). It is unfortunate, however, that some of the best of the

stories collected by him are among those published at the end of his grammar, and have never been translated into any European language. By way of a specimen, therefore, I will give here the first part of one of them, "The Story of the Thief of the Day and the Thief of the Night."

"There was once a man who strolled into a café, where he found (another) man sitting. He said to him, 'Good morning. The other replied, 'Good morning to you; please come in, and take a drink of coffee.' He came in and sat by his side. He called for a cup of coffee for him; he drank it, and then the one who had been sitting asked the one who had come in, 'O my brother, what is your trade?' He answered, 'O my brother, my trade must not be mentioned.' He said to him, 'Why not?' and then suggested the names of two professions which were in extremely ill repute. When the new-comer had denied having anything to do with either of them, the other said, 'Come now, what is it that must not be mentioned? These are the two which must not be.' He replied, 'No! your servant's trade is that of a thief.' The other said, 'Is this all?' He answered, 'Yes.' He said to him, 'I also am a thief.' The other asked, 'But what sort of thief are you?' He replied, 'I am a thief of the day.' The other said, 'Admirable! and I am a thief of the night.' He said to him, 'Good; let us be companions.' He answered, 'Let us get up now, and go home.' They took hold of one another and got up. They walked into the street where (the café) was, went out of it, and passed into another part of the town, and so continued to go from one street to another, until they reached the Atfeh quarter. Now they were both married to the same wife, but they did not know one another, as the one used to come (home) at night, while the other came during the day. So the one who had been invited thought it over, and said (to himself), 'Well, this is amusing; I (am asked to) go with him to his house; yet how comes he to know that this is *my* house when he is taking me to his? Why is it *my* house that I am coming to now? However, I will go with him and see what will happen.' So he went with him until they reached the house. He knocked at the door. The woman came and opened (it); she looked and saw (them) both and recognized them, so did not cover her face. One of them said, 'Why don't you cover your face?' The other said, 'Is it from me or from you that she must cover her face?' He answered, 'From you, of



course.' He replied, 'Why, my brother, this is *my* wife!' He said to him, 'No, she is mine.' The other answered, 'How is she your wife?' and at last they began to quarrel with one another. (Then) one (of them) said, 'Stop, I say; come, good woman, whose wife of us (two) are you?' She said, 'You are both my husbands.' He said, 'What are we to think? Well, who has allowed this in the law?' The other replied, 'We are both clever fellows, and she has married us behind one another's (backs), one comes to her in the night, and the other comes to her during the day, and she has no knowledge of religion. But let us each make trial (of our cleverness, and) the one who plays the best trick shall have the house and the wife.' The other said to him, 'All right.' So they agreed with one another thus: they said to one another, 'It is now daytime; the thief of the day, therefore, must make his trial first.' He said to him, 'All right, let us go.' He took his companion, and they went on and on to the porter's lodge of the governor's house, and they both sat down. Our story now turns to a Turkish soldier, who wanted to buy some clothes for himself and his household in the bazaar. So after he had drunk his coffee and dressed himself, what did he say? 'Fatûm!' She said to him, 'Yes.' He replied, 'Put a purse of gold into the pocket of my trousers, that I may buy something.' She answered, 'All right.' She put a purse of gold into the pocket of his trousers. The groom made ready his horse; so he mounted, and the grooms ran in front of him, and he (rode) behind them as far as the porter's lodge of the governor's house. Then the thief of the day saw the purse lying in the soldier's pocket, and he followed him and came to a fruiterer's shop (and) stole from it the head of a cucumber, and he followed the soldier into the crowd, and put out his hand, and took the purse from the pocket of the soldier, and put into it in its place the head of the cucumber, and he went back to sit with his friend. The story now returns to the soldier. He went on till he came to the Ghuriyeh to a certain tradesman. 'Shopman!' (he cried). He replied, 'Yes, sir.' He said to him, 'Have you such and such a thing?' He said, 'I have.' The soldier ordered him, 'Bring a piece of it.' He gave him a piece. 'Have you such and such a thing?' He answered, 'Yes.' He told him, 'Bring a piece (of it) also.' The soldier took a piece of it, and continued asking for one thing after another, until he had about ten

or fifteen pieces, and he made of them a bundle of this size. And he put his hand to take out the purse of money, (and) drew out in his hand the head of the cucumber. He exclaimed, 'What! gracious heavens! hey, shopman!' He said, 'Yes, sir.' He replied, 'Keep the bundle by you, as I have forgotten the money; (so wait) till I go and get it, and come (again).' He mounted his horse once more, and the grooms ran before him as far as the porter's lodge of the governor's house. The thief looked; he saw (the soldier) returning with anger on his face; then the thief followed him to the quarter of Radwân among the crowd, and put in his hand, took the head of the cucumber from his pocket and put the purse in its place, while the soldier kept on going towards his house full of rage. The thief also returned to his place at the porter's lodge of the governor's palace, and the soldier entered his own house. 'Fatûm! I told you to put a purse into my pocket, and you have put the head of a cucumber!' She answered, 'Wallâhi! sir! I did put a purse of gold for you into your pocket.' He replied, 'I found it the head of a cucumber at the shopman's.' Then she came up to him and put her hand into his pocket and pulled out the purse of gold. She said to him, 'Now is this a purse of gold or the head of a cucumber?' He exclaimed: 'What! gracious heavens! Put it, Fatûm, into my pocket.' She put it into his pocket again, and he returned, with the grooms in front of him, to the porter's lodge at the governor's palace. The thief saw him; so he followed (him) as far as the crowd, and took from him the purse of gold and put instead of it the head of the cucumber. And (the soldier) went on until he reached the shopman. Then he cried, 'Hev, shopman!' He answered, 'Yes, sir!' He said to him, 'I have forgotten such and such a thing, and such and such another thing.' In short he took from (the shopman) four or five pieces more and made of them a small bundle and proceeded to pull out the money. Then he lighted on the head of the cucumber in his pocket. He said, 'Oh, shopman!' He replied, 'Yes, sir!' He answered, 'I remember that the money which I have with me is not enough to pay for this lot; so keep the things until I go and fetch the rest of the money.' He returned, and the grooms, to the porter's lodge of the governor's palace. The thief saw him, and followed him as far as the Radwân quarter; he took from him the head of the cucumber

and put instead of it the purse of gold again, and returned to sit with his friend. And the soldier went on until he entered his house. He drew his sword against his wife, and says to her, 'What? how many times shall I say to you, let me have a purse of gold and you give me the head of a cucumber!' She replied, 'Wallâhi, sir! it's a purse of gold, but the thieves have had to do with you.' Then he put his hand into his pocket and found the purse of gold. He exclaimed, 'Gracious heavens! what sort of business is this? Grooms!' They replied, 'Yes, sir.' He said, 'Which of you will take this purse of gold and look after it while I am going to the shopman? I will give him a shirt, and a pair of drawers, and a jacket, and a fez.' One of them, named Gibas the Pilgrim, answered, 'Hand it (to me), soldier.' The groom took (the purse) from him and put it into his pocket, and they went off again to the shopman; but the groom, through fear of (losing) the purse, held the purse thus (with one hand over the breast) as far as the porter's lodge of the governor's palace. The thief looked and saw that the purse had been transferred to the groom. So he followed the groom as far as the crowd. The groom wanted to clear the way before him; he is put off his guard, and raises his hand to wave back the people on this side and that. Then the thief managed his business; he took the purse from (the groom) and gave him instead the head of the cucumber, and returned and sat in his place. The groom, after coming out of the crowd, put his hand over his pocket again. And the thief said to his friend, 'Let us get up and walk a little, and see what happens.' They got up and went after them. The soldier reached the shop; he said to the shopman, 'My father!' He replied, 'Yes, sir!' 'Give me ten more large pieces of embroidered cloth, and ten smaller pieces, and ten pocket-handkerchiefs, and ten garters.' The shopman produced them and tied them up in the pocket-handkerchief, just three bundles. The soldier called to the groom: 'Pilgrim Gibas!' He answered, 'Yes, sir!' He said to him, 'Give me the purse of money.' He replied, 'By the life of thy head, but I won't give it to you unless you let me have what you promised.' He answered, 'Don't trouble yourself; here, shopman, let me have a shirt, and a pair of drawers, and a jacket, and a fez.' He gave him these. The groom put his hand into his pocket, wishing to take out the purse; out it came again with the head of the cucum-

ber. When the soldier saw the head of the cucumber he went out of his mind and drew his sword, and wanted to strike the groom. In a moment the thief appeared; the groom cried out, 'See, here is your purse!' The soldier shouted, 'Seize the thief!' They looked for the thief, those who wanted to seize him: they found nothing left of him but a grain of salt, which melted away."

A story like this loses half its charm when written down and read with the eye. To appreciate it properly, we must hear it improvised with all the needful accompaniments of tone and gesture, in the midst of the life and scenes which it presupposes. The stupid Turkish soldier with his practically-minded wife, the bare-legged grooms running before his horse, with flowing sleeves and long blue tassels, the noisy, jostling crowd, the shopman sitting tranquilly on his open counter, with his goods displayed around him, are necessary if we would understand the spell such stories still exercise upon a Cairene audience. When life is past in the open air it is the story-teller rather than the newspaper-writer or the novelist who influences his countrymen, and if we would know what are the thoughts they think and the motives that move them it is to his tales that we must turn.

A. H. SAYCE.

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From All The Year Round.  
SKETCHES IN TENERIFE.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

At first, I was for making the journey by myself. It seemed as unnecessary as unwise to encumber myself with a guide — who was sure to be ignorant of the country he professed to know, who might fall ill and need all manner of exacting attendance, and who would certainly be hampered by scruples — religious and otherwise — which would deter him from entering a town or village at festival time. But Lorenzo Despacho, from whom I hired the mare, put pressure upon me.

"It is fifty leagues, señor. The mare is a good mare — Caramba! though it is her master that says so. But suppose she were to lose a shoe?"

"In that case, my good Lorenzo, we must replace it," said I.

"Without doubt, señor; but how? And who will look after her corn? How will you know that she gets more than half

what you pay for? Not by the aspect of her stomach, señor; for it is a world not altogether good, and there are many evil ways of swelling the mare's stomach without properly nourishing her. And you do not talk Spanish well enough, señor—if I may be pardoned for being so uncivil—to relieve yourself from a difficulty, when you are among strangers."

"Well—in effect—what am I to do?"

"Take the boy José with you, señor. He will be a comfort to you—Ave Maria!—I should think so. Whenever you are in trouble, he will shout—and the boy can make his sister, at work in the fields a mile off, hear him quite distinctly—he will call to some one and ask, and the way will be made clear, without doubt. As for the mare, she has an affection for José, and will do at his bidding what I do not think, señor, she would do at your bidding, good, quiet horse that she is! And, for the cost, it shall be only a shilling the day the more, which is, of course, nothing."

I did not want the boy, as I have said; but he came nevertheless. He was not quite new to me, for only the other day, in visiting the parish church of Porto Orotava, I had seen him, in company with some other little boys, amusing himself at the altar with a number of candles as long as himself. One of these boys, a child of twelve, told me he was the sacristan of the church, and, as such, he, with his playfellows, showed me all the ecclesiastical treasures of the building, from the monster Maria behind the altar—already being robed in sad-colored velvets for the stately processions of Holy Week—to the little glass flagon, silver-topped, containing the residue of some sacramental wine, much bescummed, which had been used I forget how many years ago.

When I had seen the church and its dull old pictures to my content, we ascended to the bell-tower to look down upon the town. Here were three bells, the largest bearing date 1671; and I was so interested in this large bell that, when the boy José suggested that I should sound it, I did not scruple to bang the tongue against the sides of the bell in the common way. The tone was loud and mellifluous; but, on hearing it, all the boys, headed by the sacristan, fled down the steps gasping with mirth. However, as it was nothing to me if I had given untimely warning of some holy hour, I stayed among the bells until I had seen enough of the town, and then descended and went off to my hotel. From this experience I fancied José might

prove a rogue. On the contrary, however, for, in the matter of separating his hours of business from his hours of play, he was a boy singularly gifted.

We started betimes on a sunny March morning. The mare took kindly to me from the outset, and I have nothing but praise to say of her. José carried my knapsack, for it was unbecoming in a *caballero* to be burdened with aught save a bit of stick, tufted with horsehair, to use in warfare with the flies. The boy kept his yellow-leather boots on until we were out of the town. Then he slung them over his shoulder instead, and chanted disturbing madrigals at the top of his voice. I learnt to know that whenever I wished to depress the boy's spirits, I had but to tell him to get into his boots. Instantly thereafter his lip fell, and in glum silence he trudged after the mare with the nerveless swing of a south-country tramp who has seen all his bright days. But as on such occasions he became also very thick-headed, failing to understand the simplest remark, however well accented, I was generally as willing to have him barefooted as he was glad to be so.

A few words about the configuration and natural scenery of the island of Tenerife are, I think, here needful for the better understanding of the scheme and pleasures of our little tour. Every one, of course, knows that there is a famous mountain in Tenerife, called the Peak. Some geologists, indeed, say that the Peak is all the island, that, from the shore line of all the fifty leagues circuit, the land rises upwards simply and solely to help in the perfection of the Peak. But this is a disputed point, soluble only by a very minute investigation into the nature and age of the various mountain ranges of Tenerife. The Peak is thought to be a very steep hill. In fact, however, the average angle of its acclivity, from the sea level to the summit, does not exceed twelve or thirteen degrees. It is twelve thousand one hundred and eighty feet high, and the ascent begins at Orotava, about twelve miles distant from it. The last few thousand feet of the climb are certainly a little precipitous. Their gradient varies from thirty to forty-two degrees. Moreover, the soil is a fine, yielding pumice dust, which offers the most insecure of footholds, and the most feeble of leverages for upward movement. It is the cone of Tenerife that one usually sees from the Atlantic, at a distance of from fifty to a hundred miles. The rest of the island is usually mantled in the clouds

which the Peak draws around its loins during the greater part of the year. And it is the appearance of the abrupt, isolated cone — as it were between heaven and earth — that makes one think the mountain must be as complete as possible a test of the pluck and tenacity of an alpine climber.

As for the scenery of Tenerife, it is remarkable. You may choose your climate on this small island in the Atlantic as emphatically as if you had a continent at your disposal. And of course the vegetation varies with the temperature. In Porto Orotava, for example, which is a coast town, we lived in the midst of palm-trees, bananas, flowering oleanders, aloes, and fig-trees. The heat here after early morning, even in March, made movement a decided trial. Not that the thermometer marked a high register, but the air is so dry that one's strength seemed to exhale from one's body in search of the moisture it desired but could not obtain. We lived here under tropical conditions. The man who was so unfortunate as to die might rely upon being buried the same evening. And as the evenings are delightful in Tenerife, and a funeral procession with its attendance of chanting priest, acolytes with lamps and so forth, is a picturesque ceremony, the dead man might, if he were able, also assure himself that he would be followed to the grave by a large company of friends anxious to do him honor, and to take the air at the same time.

But at an altitude of two or three thousand feet above Orotava, higher up on the slopes of the Peak, the climate is very different. It is colder, of course, and more bracing. Potato-fields and barley cover the land, and instead of bananas hung with ripe fruit, we have forests of chestnut-trees with never a leaf upon them until May is far advanced. We are here, too, in the midst of the obstinate cloud which hangs about the Peak for weeks at a time. From the lower fringe of it we can look down upon the sunlit rocks and sands of Orotava; but above and all round the vapor stays dense and impermeable. It is in this zone of country that the Tenerife goats live and thrive. They descend to the coast towns every day, where their shepherds take them from house to house, and draw the milk from them to order in the presence of each householder. Then they all climb the weary hills to feed themselves into condition for the morrow's milking.

Above the zone of chestnuts is the zone of laurels. After the laurels come the

heaths, growing gigantic at a height of from four to five thousand feet above the sea. The bright yellow Canarian pines follow the heaths, and struggle into life among the arid disintegrating lava and powdered pumice which here cover the hot rocks.

But when we have left the red roofs of Orotava some seven thousand feet below us, and have also overtopped the very cloud which girdles the island, there is no vegetation to cheer the eye save the silver-grey bushes of the retama. The Peak rises from the centre of a parching, infertile plateau of yellow pumice sand about twenty miles in circuit. In the whole of this elevated expanse, there is not one habitation. The solitary traveller, who from fatigue or other disabling cause here chanced to die, might, by the action of the sun and the pure, desiccating air, be transformed into an excellent mummy, ere a wandering goatherd discovered his body.

So varied is the scenery of Tenerife, and so compact is the island, that in a day's ride one may go from palms and bananas through woods of chestnuts and thickets of heaths to these same naked acres of lava detritus, where the big refulgent lizards that glide over the scoræ are the only signs of animal life, and where the atmosphere is so rarefied that a weak man gasps for his breath.

One other characteristic of the country must be mentioned — the barrancos. These deep cuts in the body of the land radiate from the old crater or plateau from which the cone of the Peak ascends, and they terminate only at the coast. I do not know how many dozen of them there are in the north, west, and south sides of the island, with depths to be bottomed by the traveller varying from about one thousand five hundred to two thousand feet. Some are dug with sides nearly perpendicular.

In such cases the track of descent and ascent is a perilous zigzag path scratched in the rock walls — a path, moreover, which the prickly pears do their best to expunge by the persistency with which they mat their formidable arms across it. It is prudent to leave horse or mule to itself in these barrancos; one's own feet are a sufficiently onerous responsibility. And to show that the stranger may have his blood upon his own head if he determines to be reckless in these ravines, there are many rude little crosses stuck in awkward places to commemorate this or that fatal accident, and the peasant whom destiny has given you for a temporary roadfellow

between two villages, will be voluble with stories about those of his acquaintance who have fallen over the rocks into the dry blue river bed six or seven hundred feet down, just as you might fall if you slipped to the left that selfsame moment. When I had made acquaintance with two or three of the barrancos of Tenerife, I began to bless Lorenzo that he had given me José to hold the mare.

But we were spared these particular trials on the first day of our journey. We were to sleep at a little town called Icod, whither the highroad goes nearly all the way. For the most part, we kept about a thousand feet above the sea, with a wall of rock many hundred feet high on the left hand, and on the right a jungle of useful vegetation to the shore-line. The green drapery of the reddish rocks of this precipitous wall was very beautiful. Maiden-hair and other ferns grew large from the midst of a hanging garden of bramble, wild vines, scrub fig, and caroub, and the water-drops dripped from the leaves into a canal, which dispersed the precious liquor among the beans and potatoes on the other side of the road.

There are two small towns between Orotava and Icod — Realejo and Rambla. Realejo is built on a high slope, with a ravine crossing the slope and dividing the town into two parts. It is a pretty place, with its white church-tower rising above the houses, and the eccentric candelabra of the branches of its dragon-trees one over the other. It is also famous historically; for here in 1496, the king of the Guanches, or aborigines of Tenerife, resigned his sovereignty, and consented to be baptized, and acknowledge the king of Spain as king of Tenerife also. Poor old Bencomo! He had made a brave, if rather impolitic, fight against the Spaniards for two years. The first battle was a victory to be proud of; for did he not kill eight hundred of the Spanish army of one thousand two hundred? But the natural goodness (simplicity, if you will) of the king of the Guanches forbade him to take advantage of this victory, by driving the remnant of his enemies out of the country which they had so impudently laid hands upon. He allowed them to rest, and recruit their forces from the Peninsula. Nay, more; he sent back to them some score of prisoners, taken in the battle of Matanza, with the message that he did not war with helpless men such as they; and he aided them with food as unselfishly as if he were a Christian knight, instead of a mere barbarian. Two years after Matanza, the Guanches and the Spaniards

met at Realejo, for a contest that was to be decisive. And here Bencomo, heartbroken by the losses he had sustained in the death, by war and pestilence, of so many thousands of his subjects, made a compromise to spare further bloodshed, and bowed his head in the camp of Lugo, the *conquistador*. It was on the site of the baptism of Bencomo, that, later, the first Christian church in Tenerife was built to memorialize the event.

The old Guanches had a singular aversion to bloodshed and bloodshedders. This was strangely brought home to me as José and I proceeded through the outskirts of Realejo. Set in the middle of a bridge over a ravine, we came to a little square, solid building, with barred windows, like a prison. It was a butcher's shop. I do not doubt that its isolation was due to the ancient Tenerifan tradition, whereby a butcher was held to be an outcast, and was forbidden to have intercourse with other people. If he wanted anything, he had to stand aloof and point at it. In return for his self-sacrifice in undertaking this degrading office, the butcher had all his needs supplied by the rest of the community. When the Guanches wished to treat a Spanish prisoner with the extreme of indignity, they condemned him to kill the flies which worried the goats in their pasture.

Once only, on our way to Icod, did we descend to the sea-level. This was at the cheerless little town of Rambla. It is built on a black promontory of lava, the rough edges and scoriæ of which are frightful to behold. Nevertheless, it is not wholly a place of gloom. For the blue sea broke into white foam upon its cruel, distorted rocks; and the industry of the townspeople had erected gardens in the middle of this small wilderness, so that the bright greenery of vines and potatoes, with the dull red roofs of the houses, and the olive and grey balconies, made a show of color. Inland, we could track the lava flow up the mountain-side until it was lost to sight among the spurs of the Peak.

I visited the church of Rambla, but with no lively expectations. As a rule, the church architecture of Tenerife has little originality. It is the ambition of every small town to have a fine bell-tower in which the boys may stand to knock the bells at their convenience. After the bell-tower, I think an altar to the Virgin "de la Concepcion" is most fancied. I wonder how many of these figures I have seen in the Canaries, all modelled upon Murillo's beautiful Virgin in the Louvre, but with such variety of execution and



adornment! S. Lorenzo is another famous subject for an altar in Tenerife. In some villages they furnish the statue with a large gridiron of Birmingham manufacture, as if the more forcibly to appeal to the sympathies of the people. Indeed, I have seen a young girl on her knees before one such figure, and with a tender glistening of tears in her dark eyes, as she gazed motionless at the saint and the testimony of his martyrdom.

Here at Rambla, however, I was suddenly immersed in an atmosphere of perfume when I pushed aside the heavy wooden door. It was the Friday before Palm Sunday; and in preparation for the day the pavement was littered with the petals of roses and red geraniums, and the many little altars of this little church were bedecked with boughs of bloom of various kinds. A number of women were kneeling here and there among the rose-leaves; and in the far end, by the altar, there peeped from the eave of his confessional the round head of a priest, who was listening to the murmur of a penitent at his feet. Of course the ladies, for the moment, forgot their devotions when they saw a man in riding-dress and heavy boots come crushing amid the flowers on the floor. They fell a-whispering, and smiling, and fanning themselves, and those of them who were very far gone in worldliness felt their faces to ascertain if the powder still lay upon their cheeks in a comely manner. But in justice to them and the father in his confessional, who peered forth several times with an unamiable expression on his broad countenance, and in justice to myself also, I did not stay long in the little church. Such a curious, unreal, mannikin place of worship I never saw before. From the *coro* in the west, with its banisters spotted with white mould, and its rafters a dull scarlet, green, and gold, to the flash of similar colors in the east of the church, with a little blue added to the prevalent green and gold, the whole seemed to me like a somewhat stale old doll's house, with groups of queer movable dolls set about the pavement. The very lintel of the porch and the cross beams within the church were colored with dry-rot, and the flags under one's feet oscillated as one moved from one to another.

It was one o'clock before my mare set her hoofs upon the slippery grass-grown cobbles of the streets of Icod. Though we had done but half a day's work, we were all tired; the animal, of the rough dusty track and the flies; I, of the heat of the sun and the labor entailed in freeing

her from the worst of the flies; and José, of an empty stomach. To the Plaza de la Constitucion, where there is an inn, we therefore made our anxious way. The landlady proved to be a kind soul, not unused to English faces, and a little more resolute in her welcome of a guest than a Spanish hotel-keeper is wont to be.

In Icod are two or three objects of interest which a tourist is supposed to come to see. There is a cave, in old times used as a Pantheon for the Guanche dead, which is reputed to crawl five or six dark miles through the bowels of the land until it comes to the crater of the Peak. But the mummies and dust of the old occupants of the graves are now gone from it, and no one has yet had the hardihood to worm his way through its toilsome and perilous passages to test the truth of the legend about its length.

Another "sight" of the place is the famous dragon-tree, which now takes rank as the patriarch of its kind in the island. Its age is reckoned by thousands of years. Early in the century there stood in Orotava one of these trees measuring thirty-five and a half feet in circumference at a height of six feet from the ground. Humboldt computed its age at ten thousand years. He spoke at random, no doubt; but as there exists a little dragon-tree known to be nearly four hundred years old, and as this tree is not yet a foot in circumference, it is apparent that this veteran had lived through many centuries. But since Humboldt's time the tree has died of old age and weather shocks; and the Icod dragon-tree reigns in its stead. Many are the legends which this very eccentric species of tree has originated. Even as the Canary Isles are said to be the Garden of the Hesperides, so the dragon-tree is identified with the dragon that guards the golden apples of those happy realms. One antiquarian has assured himself that a keen eye may discern the very outline of a dragon in the pulp of the fruit of the tree.

A French writer goes a little farther and avers that the tree is no tree, but a congregation of living animalculæ, six millions of which go to a cubic inch. In truth, however, it seems to be merely a mammoth breed of asparagus, gifted with extreme longevity. As for the dragon's blood, that is the reddish sap of the tree. This resinous exusion was for some time one of the most valuable of the exports of these islands. European apothecaries had as strong a fancy for it as for the mummies of the Guanches, whom they beat with their pestles into various agreeable

medicines of price. In appearance the dragon tree is a most symmetrical candelabra. The gnarled trunk rises free from branches until a certain stage. Then the boughs diverge with extreme regularity, and in their turn beget harmonious twigs tufted with sharp, olive-colored leaves. It is said that toothpicks made from the dragon-tree have properties beneficial for the teeth.

But to my mind, neither the cave nor the dragon-tree together, are a tithe of the charm of Icod de los Vinos. It has a wonderful situation on the actual northern slope of the Peak. Imagine a glacial mass proceeding straight from the summit of a mountain to the sea between high rocks, and with a town built on it half-way in its course; such, in some sort, is the aspect of Icod. In a direct line the cone of the Peak cannot be more than six or seven miles from the houses of the town; and from the white roof of the little inn I looked at the broad swelling mountain, with its snowy cap, closing the upland view, and pronounced Icod divine. Methought it were easy to climb thence to the cone of the Peak in an hour or two; but I learnt that it was impossible. The slope of pumice on the northern side is too steep.

I bore a letter of introduction to a rich citizen of Icod, who came to the inn to see me. He had lived in the United States many years ago; but his English had rusted from disuse, and he was a man of so humble a turn that he chose rather to speak little than to speak ill. I praised the beauty of the place he had fixed upon to cheer him in the autumn of his life. His humor, however, was melancholic, and he retorted that life was hard, very hard. He was a kind man, of whom others spoke well, but, I am afraid, one of those who learn wisdom and acquire self only through much travail of experience. In the evening, I visited him at his house; and I shall not soon forget him as I saw him immured in his lofty, well-filled library, reading there by the light of a single candle. There was a skull on his table, and, when my friend came to the door to meet me, all else was so dark that I saw nothing distinctly except the skull. For the moment, he affected a mood of levity, and talked of billiards and whist at the club; but nature asserted itself by-and-by, and he made many distressful remarks as we paced up and down the moonlit streets.

This worthy, but sorrow-stained man, gave me a card to the alcalde, or mayor of Garachico, whither I walked on the

afternoon of our arrival at Icod. Garachico is a sad town. Three centuries ago it was rich in noble and conventual houses, and ships from many countries came to its port. The green cliffs of the land fell close to the sea. It was a local vaunt that a man might shoot and fish thereon at the same time. But in 1706, Teide ruined Garachico. A volcano suddenly appeared on the high ground, some thousand feet above the town, but perilously near to it. Then came the lava. It surged over the cliffs, and step by step surrounded and destroyed the town. Monks and nuns, hidalgos and peasants, hastened away from the doomed place to Icod.

Nor did the lava rest when the town was burnt, and in great part submerged. It ran on into the port, which in course of time it choked, so that thereafter no merchantmen could anchor in the place which had been considered the best harbor of Tenerife. In this way, Garachico got its death-blow. It was despoiled of its commercial importance. Every yard of its cultivable land was buried many feet deep under the lava. And the convenient cliff, which had been a glory of the town, was now scarred into ugliness by the congelation of the fiery cascade which had fallen over its lip.

The path from Icod led me down through a lovely valley, bright with the green and gold of orange groves, nisperos, tall maize, sugarcane, vines, and fig-trees. Groups of feathery palms stood from the lower slopes, with the blue sea beyond them. The verdure of the precipitous rocks that hedged the vale was astonishing. They were draped with vines and brambles, falling in long trails unbroken for scores of feet; crimson and yellow flowers bloomed in the rock-sides; and the persevering *verode*, a circular evergreen, that seems to exist without a stem, stuck like a plaster to so much of the rock as was otherwise unappropriated. The water, that is the cause of the verdure, was carried from side to side of the valley in a thin, spidery aqueduct of pine-troughs, from the many leaks of which the lower lands enjoy a perpetual shower-bath.

A great rock stands by the road where Garachico begins, and a crucifix surmounts the rock. In the contracted bay, which is now Garachico's apology for a harbor, there is another rock rising perhaps two hundred feet out of the water. On this also a wooden cross meets the eye. Elsewhere are other crosses, scratched on the lava boulders which have tumbled from the mountain heights, or set by the sea in the black volcanic sand, beyond the

reach of the tide. Thus Garachico pleads with Heaven that it may be spared future devastation.

The alcalde of the town told me the story of 1706 with as much feeling and precision as if he had been an interested witness of the wreck. He entertained me with Bass's ale and biscuits of Huntley and Palmer; and as we sat in the shade on the roof of his house, with a big English retriever at our feet, he pointed out the rigid current that had sped from the bowels of Teide, and dispersed itself among the houses. Anon we visited the parochial church, and here was the mark, fifteen feet from the ground, which the lava had reached in its flow. In the streets are the shells of many fair buildings, with Corinthian pillars, chiselled balconies, and dainty heraldic work over their deserted portals; but there is nothing behind these imposing façades. The remains of Garachico's *casa fuerte*, or guard-house, still stand by the sea with two or three unlimbered guns by its battlements. But it is now a purposeless fort, since the harbor it protected is gone.

The duties of the present recalled Don Gregorio, the alcalde, from his kindly retrospect of the past for my behoof. We were passing the municipal buildings, when a sound that was half-bawl, and half-sob, came to afflict us.

"Caramba!" ejaculated Don Gregorio, taking his cigar from his lips. "What's that?" And he looked down at his dog with such an expression of uncertainty, that the animal barked from sympathy. "Ah, I remember," he added, with a smile, and a shrug of the shoulders.

Calling to a slipshod man, he sent him to the town-clerk for a key. We then proceeded into an overgrown garden of the inner courtyard of a deserted monastic building, and, using the key, Don Gregorio exposed a little space of grassy ground, with a stone seat in a corner, and a wailing, red-faced woman sitting on the seat. No sooner did we appear, than the woman went to the alcalde's knees, and entreated him tearfully with a torrent of words.

"Oh no! she is not so very bad," said Don Gregorio to me. Then to the suppliant: "Get up, woman, and go to your home!" This, with many benedictory appeals to the Virgin, the woman did not delay to do, taking with her a crust of bread that had lain among the grass. She was the sole prisoner in the prison of Garachico; and Don Gregorio had but yesterday sentenced her to three days' incarceration, upon bread and water, for being drunk and disorderly.

From The Cornhill Magazine.  
WORKING PRINCES.

VERILY the world owes a debt of gratitude to the old duke Maximilian in Bavaria, if it be for nothing but the education he gave to his sons. It must be the result of their early training that two of these, Prince Ludwig and the duke Karl Theodor, have been able to solve the problem, How, in this democratic age, can princes earn an honest livelihood? They have solved it simply and manfully, never forgetting the while that, by the old royal signification of their title, they must be the first, not to receive, but to render aid.

In the palace of Luxemburg there is a picture of the five elder children of Duke Maximilian, every one of whom, even at that early age—the eldest does not look more than fifteen—shows signs not only of great personal beauty but of intelligence of a most unusual order. It is impossible to look into the large, dark, earnest eyes they all possess, to note their mingled expression of wistfulness and reckless daring, and not feel that nature herself has stamped them as something apart from ordinary, commonplace mortals. Enthusiasm and genius are written too plainly on their faces for them ever to be found among the crowd of those who patiently submit to the monotonous routine of every-day existence. Nor have their fortunes belied their faces. In the lives of each of those five there have been bright touches, vivid patches, episodes—tragic or comic as you may view them—such as rarely fall to the lot of princes. Caroline, the eldest and perhaps the most beautiful of the daughters, was, whilst still a child, selected as a fitting bride for the heir to the Austrian crown, and although there was no formal betrothal her father was informed that she must be educated in such a way as would fit her for her future grandeur. This was more easily said than done, for money was scarce in the ducal palace; but the whole family, from the duke himself to his youngest child, seem to have thrown themselves *con amore* into the work, and to have cheerfully economized for the sake of the fortunate Caroline. She had professors and teachers of the best, and she well repaid all the care that was lavished upon her, for at nineteen, clever, accomplished, and regally beautiful, she was the very ideal of what a queen should be. But

The best laid schemes o' mice an' men  
Gang aft a-gley.

When the time for the marriage drew near, the young emperor Joseph came on a visit to the Duke in Bavaria (the family title is "in," not "of"), that he might make the acquaintance of his future wife. He gazed at the stately young creature who had been so carefully trained for him with respectful admiration, but he fell violently in love with her madcap younger sister, Elizabeth, who, regarded in the family as a mere child, and one, too, for whom no high destiny was in store, had been allowed to pass her days on horseback scouring the country side. Ministers and courtiers stood aghast, but argument and persuasion were alike wasted on the emperor, who refused to see that a lack of accomplishments was a blemish in the one whom he loved; and a few months later Elizabeth, thorough child as she was, knowing no more of the etiquette of courts than the veriest little *gamine*, entered Vienna in state, as empress of Austria and queen of Hungary. Although this happened more than thirty years ago, she has not yet learnt to submit with patience to the restraints that hedge in the lives of sovereigns; and the Viennese, in spite of their love for their beautiful empress, openly mourn that the emperor should have chosen one who regards a court ball as a penance, and a state ceremony as a thing scarcely to be lived through. From the day of her marriage it seems to have been her constant endeavor to shake off the fetters of her station; and perhaps the happiest hours of her life are those in which, whilst following the hounds in England, or hunting the chamois in her native land, she is able to forget that she is empress-queen.

For her age, the empress Elizabeth is the youngest-looking woman in Europe. When one sees her slight, graceful form, eyes brilliant with life and vigor, and complexion that flushes and pales with every passing emotion, it seems absurd that she should be the grandmother of big boys and girls.

Caroline, the forsaken one, seems to have met her fate with true royal equanimity. Perhaps she thought that as her sister gained what she lost it did not really matter. If one may judge by her face, her life has not been a happy one. When she was about four-and-twenty she was married to the prince of Thurn and Taxis, who died some nine years later.

Marie Sophie, too, the youngest of the three sisters in the picture, has had her share of adventures. Married before she was eighteen to the prince royal of Naples, afterwards King Francis II., she was

not destined long to wear a crown; and it is as ex-queen, not as queen, that we all think of her. If report be true, this winter she is going to try what hunting and horse-racing in England will do towards satisfying her craving for excitement.

It is in the sons, not the daughters, however, that the peculiar gifts of the family come most to the fore. The work Karl Theodor, Duke Maximilian's second son, is doing has already attracted no little attention in Europe. The veriest medical student whose life and bread depended upon his work never threw himself into the study of medicine with half the ardor of this young scion of royalty. When a boy, botany and chemistry were his favorite pursuits; and no sooner were his school-days over than he undertook medicine as a serious study, attending the lectures, going through the hospitals, and finally passing the examinations that qualified him to practise as a doctor. Nor did his work end here. Having chosen the eye as his speciality, he devoted some years to a careful study of the various theories concerning the treatment of the blind. This done, he travelled through Europe, seeking the advice and help of every oculist of special eminence in his profession; and it was only when he had learned from them all they could teach him that he returned to his palace at Tegern, where he established himself as a regular oculist. Any one may consult him, his door stands open to all the world; the only difference between him and any other practitioner being that his rate of charges varies in direct ratio with the wealth of those who seek his aid. If he perform an operation for a rich man, the prince's fee is the same as that of any other doctor of equal skill, neither more nor less; if, however, the patient be one of those whose means do not allow of their indulging in such expensive luxuries as great doctors, well, he lowers his charges to what they can afford to pay; whilst, as for the poor — not merely mendicants, but officers with thirty pounds a year, civilians with perchance forty — all such as these Duke Karl Theodor not only attends without fee, but whilst they are under his care he receives them as guests, feeding and caring for them with the most kindly thoughtfulness.

Surely this is an ideal social arrangement! Other princes before now have received fees, but which of them ever rendered real honest value in return as Duke Karl Theodor is doing? The old duke's eldest son, Prince Ludwig, is in some respects more interesting even than Karl

Theodor. He is now a man about fifty-five, tall and dark, with a haggard, careworn face, the result of constant ill-health. There is a subtle resemblance, both in appearance and manner, between him and the well-known actor Mr. Henry Irving; one of the prince's favorite gestures — the way he throws over his left shoulder the long military cloak he generally wears — might have been studied at the Lyceum.

When about four-and-twenty Prince Ludwig fell violently in love with a beautiful young actress who had just taken the world by storm, and insisted upon marrying her. But this could not be done without a terrible battle, for a hundred petty restrictions hem in the liberty of German princes; and although his father took no active steps to prevent the marriage, the king of Bavaria, his grandfather, opposed it most vehemently, and even the emperor Joseph, in whom one might have thought the prince would have found a stout ally, turned traitor, and declared one love-match in a family was enough.

But threats and entreaties were alike powerless to turn Prince Ludwig from his course; even the declaration that if he persisted he would forfeit his *majorat* failed to move him, and in 1857, in order that he might be able to marry the woman he loved so passionately, he cheerfully surrendered all his rights and allowed his younger brother, Karl Theodor (who did so most reluctantly and only under strong compulsion), to take his place as future head of the family.

The marriage seems to have proved a singularly happy one; to this day the prince's manner to his wife, the Baroness von Wallersee, as she is styled, is more that of a lover than a middle-aged married man. She, too, unlike the generality of her profession, is a model wife, with a perfect genius for diffusing brightness and happiness around her. They have no children, and live for the greater part of the year in a simple suite of apartments at Bad-Kreuth — that strange anomaly, a lucrative business combined with a most generous charity — over which Prince Ludwig presides, a royally courteous and kindly host.

Bad-Kreuth, perhaps the most ancient of the Alpine health-resorts, consists of some half-dozen houses built by the side of a spring of mineral water, on an elevated plateau on the north-western side of the Hohenstein, one of the higher Alps that form the boundary between Bavaria and the Tyrol. In 754 A.D. the Burgundian princes Adalbert and Otkar presented the valley of the Weissach, in

which it lies, to the Benedictine monks of Tegern, who were not long in discovering that the water in their new domain possessed strange, if not miraculous, qualities. They built a bath-house at Kreuth to which they used to send the invalids of their order. This building was accidentally burnt down in 1627, but a new one, larger and more commodious, replaced it; and the old monastic chronicle relates that in 1707 Abbot Quirinus IV. further enlarged the baths, built a chapel, "and furnished these valuable healing waters with special conveniences for his folks." When, in 1803, the Benedictine order at Tegern was suppressed, Bad-Kreuth passed into the hands of a farmer, who thought more of its fertile soil than of its healing waters. Ten years later, however, King Max of Bavaria bought the land and laid the foundation of the present establishment. At his death it passed into the hands of his widow, Queen Caroline, from her to her son, and then to her grandson, Karl Theodor. But although he, as Duke in Bavaria, is the owner of Kreuth, the real moving spirit of the institution is his brother Prince Ludwig.

The whole of Bad-Kreuth — houses, spring, land, and everything you can see for miles around — belongs to the ducal family. The servants are theirs, and the entire management of the establishment is more or less under their immediate superintendence. For three months in the year — June, July, and August — Kreuth is simply a health-resort for southern Germans, who engage their rooms, give their orders, and pay their bills as in any other hotel. These are the paying guests, and this is the prince's harvest-time; for, as he is his own butcher, brewer, dairyman, and baker, after defraying all expenses a handsome surplus must remain to him. He does not profess that during these months his terms are lower than those of other hotels; the visitors are in the midst of exquisite scenery, have comfortable rooms, and are provided with dainty food; for these advantages they must pay; and it is only fair to add that for the additional luxury — the halo of royalty that is cast around them — they are not charged. During May and September the duke will have none of these paying guests, but fills his house with what he calls his "friends," that is, with the people found everywhere, but nowhere in such quantities as in Germany — those who are too proud to ask for charity and who yet stand sorely in need of a little help. Officers who have nothing but their pay to depend upon, university students



trying to combine teaching and learning, poor professors, struggling literary men, artists who have got their way to make, failures of every shape and sort, all make their way to Kreuth. For two months in the year there are between two and three hundred of these visitors at the hotel, where they are all housed, tended, and fed as carefully as the wealthiest guests, and that, too, without its costing them one penny. Nor is it only at this time that the prince's "friends" are to be found at Kreuth; if, at the height of the season, a room is left vacant, some poor invalid is invited to occupy it, and you would never guess from the manner of the host or his servants that the new arrival was not a millionaire.

Kreuth hospitality does not even end here. There is one unpretentious house, standing a little apart from the rest, that is called Das Königshaus, and is reserved for the use of the royal family; but as the Bavarian princes never live in it they have made it into a kind of house of refuge for those poor little German princes and nobles, with their long pedigrees and empty purses, to whom an outing gratis is as welcome a boon as to their more plebeian fellows. Occasionally real kings and queens, attracted by the beauty of the surroundings and the marvellous purity of the air, spend a few weeks in Das Königshaus. The empress of Austria and her youngest daughter are staying there now. During the summer I spent at Kreuth the king of Würtemberg, the ex-queen of Naples, the princess Frederica of Hanover (who was entered in the list as princess of Great Britain), and a score of other "royalties" were there; but they seemed to have cast aside all thought of etiquette or rank, and mingled with the other guests on terms of the most friendly equality. The scarlet coat of the princess Frederica's one attendant was the only sign of royalty I detected. To one and all, whether paying guest, royal visitor, or "friend," Prince Ludwig's manner is the same—that of a friendly, courteous host. He has the true royal gift of never forgetting a face or a name, and as he walks on the long covered terrace or in the grounds no one is overlooked; he has a kindly greeting, a sympathetic inquiry, a pleasant word, for each in turn.

It is strange that Bad-Kreuth should be so little known to English travellers, for it is certainly one of the most lovely of the Alpine health-resorts; and although, fortunately for those who stay there, it is off the tourists' highway, it is easy of ac-

cess. The railway journey from Munich to Gmund, on the Tegern-See, takes less than two hours, and Bad-Kreuth lies some eight miles beyond.

From Tegern-See, a large, beautiful lake surrounded by tiny villages, the road winds up the valley of the Weissach, a river, or rather a raging, tearing torrent, which starts on its course high up in the Alps beyond Kreuth, and is soon joined by two other mountain streams—the Gerlosbach and the Klambach—which come dashing down the rocks, forming a thousand cascades, fountains, and waterfalls on their way; the three rush on together, always meeting other streams and dragging them along in their own wild race until they all reach the Tegern-See. The rugged heights of the Blaubeurg shut in the valley on the south; on the east are the Walberg, Setzberg, and Rossstein—lofty, forest-covered mountains; whilst on the west, the great conical Leonhardstein towers above the Rauchheck and the Hirschberg. At the head of the valley, standing as it were under the shadow of the Blaubeurg, is the Hohlenstein, which on its north-western side, at an elevation of nearly three thousand feet, forms a terrace-like projection, so regular in form that at a first glance it seems impossible it should be the unaided work of nature. On this terrace is the sulphur well to which the little health-resort owes its origin.

Bad-Kreuth lies in the region of meadows where the beech, birch, ash, silver fir, and pine flourish; the forests around being almost impenetrable from the Alpine honeysuckle and other shrubs that cling to the ground. A thousand feet higher, however, few trees are to be found with the exception of firs and pines, and soon even these become stunted and meagre, and the grey, barren mountains are left without cover. It is curious how color seems to vary with height. In the villages around Tegern-See the flowers are quite startling from their brilliancy; the huge beds of scarlet geraniums and pinks at Egern are almost overpowering on a hot summer day; but as you advance up the valley you soon lose sight of these, and their place is taken by the columbine, yellow violet, campanula, orchid, and fern, all of delicate coloring; and these in their turn must make way for the gentian, yellow, violet, and blue Alpine rose, nigritella, mountain forget-me-not, and yellow auricula; whilst in the higher crevices of the rocks, maidenhair and edelweiss flourish. Nor is the fauna of the Weissach

valley less varied than its flora. Although the bear and lynx are now unknown there, half a century ago it was one of their favorite haunts; it is still no unusual sight, whilst breakfasting at Kreuth, to see a herd of chamois grazing on the Grüneck, and after nightfall stags and red deer may often be encountered in the woods; legends speak, too, of the golden eagles that are there, but it was not my luck to see them.

For the restless—those unhappy beings whose only conception of bliss is movement—Kreuth has another charm: it is a perfectly ideal centre for excursions. Not half a mile from the hotel is the highway from Bavaria into the Tyrol, from which roads and paths of every description branch off in all directions. The Tyrolean road itself is well made and well kept, and passes through scenes of marvellous beauty. On this road, about seven miles from Kreuth, is the little hamlet of Glashütte, only a church and a few cottages now, but eight hundred years ago a flourishing industrial settlement. It was here that the good monks of Tegern had their glass-manufactory—perhaps the first in Germany—and the old chronicle says that “by the year 1005 their skilful hands could not execute all the orders they received.” The Grosse Wolfschlucht, where the valley ends abruptly in an immense gloomy cavern, and the Kleine Wolfschlucht, a less majestic but more picturesque ravine, both offer charming expeditions. The Langenau, a lovely little valley that winds round the foot of the Hohlenstein; the Kaiserklause, where on St. Bartholomew’s day the peasants, in their picturesque costumes, with zithers in their hands, hold their dances; and Tegern, with its old Benedictine abbey, are all within easy distances. A drive of thirteen miles brings you to Archensee, the largest lake in northern Tyrol, in the midst of the wildest and most romantic scenery. After the bright flowers and green fields of Tegern, Archensee, with all its beauty, is certainly depressing. The high mountains which, rising sheer from the water-edge, tower above the lake seem to have a lowering, sinister aspect, as if the deities who dwell there view humanity with little favor. The heights, too, are hard and barren, and have lost those fantastic curves, points, and crevices which give such endless variety to the Hohlenstein and its neighbors.

Geisalp, Blaubeurg, Königsalp, Schildenstein, Halserspitze, Risserkogel, may all be ascended from Kreuth; but perhaps

the finest panorama is obtained from the top of the Schinderberg, a mountain lying rather to the east. From there you see in the far distance the mountains of Salzburg and Styria, the Gletscher Range, and the snow-covered Gross Glockner; near at hand the Blaubeurg, with its surface all worn and furrowed by the force of the rushing torrents that spring from its side, and the Allgäuer Alps, stretching up their heads above their neighbors; then, between the Leonhardstein and the Rossstein, is the Schwarzenbach-Thal, with the lovely Schwarze Tenne elm, and the valley in which the Weissach winds and twists as if in no hurry to reach the silvery Tegern. On all sides lofty mountains towering above forest covered hills, shady valleys, barren peaks, foaming rivers, silvery streams, and tiny lakelets reflecting dark firs and pines; all these combine to render the view unequalled for variety and beauty.

As to all these natural beauties is added the attraction of a cordial royal welcome, and the chance of studying an interesting eleemosynary experiment, surely Bad-Kreuth is well worth a visit.

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From The Spectator.

#### COMMERCIAL HYDRAULICS.

WHEN railways were first introduced, some bold men were found to declare, though to incredulous ears, that, as a matter of fact, the steam-engine would never kill the horse, and that the breed would not die out, in spite of the world ceasing to travel post. But though a remnant thus looked forward to the horse holding his own, it is not recorded that any apologists were found for the continued existence of canals. They, it was universally admitted, must be put an end to by the iron road, and the disappearance of our inland waterways was only looked upon as a matter of time. Now, however, we are beginning to see that the huge extension of traffic and the whole industrial stimulus caused by the railways, will act with as great effect upon canals as upon the roads, the carriages, and the horses. The only difference is that the effect upon the canals has been somewhat slower. Just as the number of miles of roads open, and of carts and horses, has increased out of all previous proportion since the building of the railways, so the water-ways will in the end be enormously multiplied. But though we are content, in spite of our greater

skill, with the roads and the horses of our forefathers, we do not find their canals at all up to modern requirements. The feats of engineering performed in the building of the railways have taught us that we may now attempt much more than our predecessors dared, and thus, when we contemplate inland navigation, we are no more content with a narrow strip of water and slow barges, than we should be with a track for pack-horses instead of a highway. We can no longer submit to the delays and troubles of transfer from ship to barge; we must bring the great ships into the heart of the country, and endow our inland towns with ports and docks.

Already we have got one huge scheme for a ship canal which will bring ocean-going steamers under the windows of the cotton depôts at Manchester, half completed; and now plans are being launched for doing the same at Birmingham and Sheffield, and for cutting off the ugly angle of Cornwall and Devonshire by a canal from the Bristol to the English Channel, which will allow ships to bring Welsh coal into the south-coast ports without the present detour of near four hundred miles. This last scheme, if it is ever carried out, will indeed be a triumph of man over nature. The engineers who advocate one of the two plans for achieving this junction of the seas, declare that the canal they propose need only have two locks, one at each end, and that its waters may be replenished from the sea, — we wonder how the birds and wild animals, hares, and stoats, and weasels, that come to drink at the new river will like the taste of the salt water. The canal is projected to start at Stolford, a Somersetshire village on Bridgewater Bay, a little west of the mouth of the Parret. Thence it is proposed to carry it to Taunton, then to Exeter, and lastly, following the course of the estuary of the Exe, to a place called Langstone Bay, on the Channel and opposite Exmouth. This course, sixty-two miles in length, is by no means the shortest; but it avoids the ribs of hill with which the portions of Somersetshire and Devonshire to be traversed by the canal are studded, and reduces the deepest cutting to no more than two hundred feet. One of the features of the canal is that the projectors propose to utilize, by deepening and widening, the existing canals of the district. Exeter already has a floating basin connected with the sea by a canal over five miles long and capable of taking ships of four hundred tons. This canal will be among those acquired, and will be

deepened and widened as may be necessary. The proposed canal, however, will in reality be much more than a widening and deepening of the existing water-ways; for it will be 125 feet wide at the surface, 36 feet at the bottom, and 21 feet deep, — dimensions which it is stated will allow the passage of vessels of from one thousand to fifteen hundred tons. The cost will, no doubt, be great — it is estimated at over £3,000,000 — but the promoters of the project declare that the traffic in Welsh coal alone, which will thus be enabled to get to London and the southern counties without the expense of railway carriage, will be amply sufficient to make the undertaking pay. London, it is argued, now only draws one-fifteenth of her coal supply from Wales. If the canal enabled the Welsh colliers to get to London by only travelling 355 miles, or about the same distance as that which the colliers from the north have to traverse, the metropolis, it is calculated, would take half her coal from Wales, — the steamers in the river using it to replenish their bunkers, and the manufacturers to run their engines. Such is the proposal to unite the Severn Sea with the English Channel. Undoubtedly there is a certain charm in the scheme. The thought of Taunton, deep in elm-fringed pastures and apple-orchards, awakening from the dream that has fallen on her since she sent her young men to perish at Sedgemoor, to find the tall ships passing beneath her red-brown towers and unloading their freights at busy wharfs and docks, is indeed fascinating. The country between Manchester and the Mersey is so populous, so intersected by railways and canals already, so sophisticated in every way, that to find yet another mighty engineering work wakes no wonder of contrast. The deep salt-water river winding through the Somersetshire pastures and by quiet, dwindling, inland villages, suggests, however, feelings of quite another kind, and sets the mind at work on a thousand curious problems as to how the new road to the sea will affect the lives of the men and women suddenly set, as it were, upon its banks, who will find the salt stream cutting them off from their neighbors, dividing their parishes, and introducing into their lives such institutions as the ferry-boat, and such pastimes as rowing and sailing.

There is another kind of hydraulic work, too, of which we shall yet see endless repetitions, and that is the one just completed by the Liverpool Corporation. Unable or disinclined to steal a lake, as

Manchester has done, Liverpool has resolved to make one. Perhaps the most beautiful thing in the world is a clear, deep lake, set round about by steep and wooded hillsides. Such a lake the mayor and burgesses of the city of Liverpool have been making out of dry land for the past seven years to serve them as a water reservoir, and by the middle of next month their work will be practically completed. A writer in the *Daily News* has lately described the site of what, when it is finished, will be one of the most striking lakes in England. The surface of the lake will be eight hundred and twenty-five feet above the sea, and from its sides the mountains will rise to the height of from thirteen hundred to twenty-two hundred feet. The valley which is thus to be utilized, called the Vyrnwy Valley, is in Montgomeryshire, and is about sixty-eight miles from Liverpool. At present, it contains an inhabited village, with a church, two chapels, shops, an inn, slate-roofed cottages, and a post-office; and through it flows the Vyrnwy stream, spanned by a stone arched bridge. Soon, however, the life of the village must stop forever, and the inhabitants be gone never to return. For a week more the life may go on as usual, and then the opening in the great Cyclopean wall, at the end of the valley, where the stones are laid ten feet long, three feet wide, and one hundred feet high, and fitted together with cement harder than the stone itself, will be shut, and the water will rise and cover the roofs, and the church-tower, and the houses where men have been born and died. The dead are gone already, and the living must follow them, — either to a village to be built round the new graveyard, where the forefathers of the hamlet have been taken and reburied under their own tombstones; or else to new homes where they will not even be able to look down upon, as often as the surface of the lake grows clear, the roofs they once dwelt beneath. No doubt it is necessary that the lake should be made, and no doubt the poor people have been properly compensated. Still, it is impossible not to feel touched at the fate of the villagers. Even men who have voluntarily left it, have a soft place in their hearts for their birth-place, and would hate to hear of its destruction. What must it be to those who are still home-keepers, to have the houses where they were born and where their fathers died, blotted out forever from all human recognition? There is a grey-green lake in the Italian Tyrol formed by

a great landslide, which drowned a whole village, where tradition says the church-bells still ring to service. Its fate, however, is not half so moving as that of the village which must die that the great city of the north may drink. To founder amid the wreck of nature seems somehow less sad than to perish by a cold and nerveless power engendered of the toil of a swarm of human ants. But if we find a pathos in the fate of Vyrnwy, we must not forego a word of delight and admiration for the work which has enabled man to drown the valley, — the great dam built to keep back the waters. People talk as if the work of the present day was never equal to that of the past. Probably the great wall of hewn stone at Vyrnwy, sunk sixty feet below the ground to reach a foundation of rock, towering one hundred feet high, and stretching 1,173 feet long, has never been equalled even in the great tanks in Ceylon; it has certainly never been surpassed in perfection of masonry. Every stone has been squared and draughted all round, the outer face only being left rough, and in look the courses of the masonry are said to resemble the great wall of the Temple at Jerusalem at the Jew's Wailing-Place. Before each stone was put in its place, it was carefully washed, so that no extraneous matter might possibly interfere with the stability of the structure. Along the top of the great wall runs a roadway, seventeen feet wide, resting upon arches under which the overflow of the lake will run, — a feature which, we should imagine, must make the wall, when seen from below, a very striking object. Certainly Liverpool is to be congratulated upon having now at last secured — it will take over a year to fill the lake, but except for that, the work is done — a really fine supply of water. We have too long been behind the ancients in the water supplied to our great cities. It is to be hoped that the next generation will amend our fault, and give the people that without which there can be neither health nor comfort, — a free and unlimited supply of pure water. Some day we suppose that London will realize the risk she runs from relying well-nigh solely on the Thames, will create a lake as grand as herself, and will let pure water run to waste in the city as it does to this day in Rome, for that gift of the Cæsars has never been taken from the imperial city. That is a socialism worth having. Unfortunately, however, such things just now do not seem to touch the people.





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